

TOC H JOURNAL

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No. 1

Communications for next month must reach the Editor not later than the 15th of this month.

THE TOC H ENDOWMENT FUND

AS everyone in Toc H already knows, an Appeal, to be continued throughout 1928, for an Endowment Fund was launched at the Birthday Festival. The main Endowment Appeal is being run from a temporary office in Byron House, St. James's Street, S.W.1, by Major E. A. Belcher, C.B.E., who has been appointed *Appeal Director*.

The *Appeal Committee* consists of the Finance Committee of the Central Executive, *viz.*, Wm. A. Hurst (chairman), Sir Ion Hamilton Benn, David Boyle, W. H. Carver, P. W. Monic and Sir Ludovic Porter, with Tubby and H. U. Willink and the following additional members:—Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.C., M.P.; Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, M.P.; S. A. Courtauld; Montague Ellis; Admiral Sir William Goodenough, K.C.B.; Sir Alfred Lewis; Sir Charles McLeod, Bt.; A. A. Milne; the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Milner; the Hon. Geoffrey Hope Morley; J. A. Rank; Viscount Sandon, M.P.; Sir Owen Seaman; Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bt.; Sir Charles Wakefield.

During 1928 it is proposed to set up *Local Committees*, both at home and overseas, and in doing this to fit in all local appeals (except for quite trivial amounts), so that there will be no overlapping or conflict between the needs of Toc H as a whole and its needs in local areas. These Local Committees will be represented on the main Appeal Committee.

The largest donation received to date is a munificent gift by Sir Charles Hyde of 4 per cent. Canadian Pacific Railway Preference Stock of the face value of £10,000. Other donations to January 10 amount to £30,000.

Why an Appeal?

Most members have received, with their December JOURNAL or otherwise, a copy of a letter from Tubby "To Everyone in Toc H," explaining why the Central Executive thought it necessary to make this appeal. A few paragraphs only from this long letter shall be quoted here. Writing from Headquarters on November 23 to his "dear Great Family," Tubby says: "I would beg you to remember that your elected Executive, after most careful consideration, decided by a unanimous vote that the creation of an Endowment Fund was the only way. There have been manifold warnings in the last few years that the Foundation Membership—and the first body of leaders in Toc H was mainly drawn from them—have not an infinite number of years before them. Death has already thinned

their ranks. And while the younger men are carrying the torch magnificently at home and overseas, they cannot both fulfil the work and raise the great sums necessary to make it permanent. . . While the minimum membership subscription is small, it is the average experience of Branches that membership of Toc H, together with the claims to which it introduces him in the course of whatever work for others he has undertaken, entails an expenditure of some £3 a year per member. This being so, there can be very little over for the capital costs of expansion ; with the result that Toc H cannot enter in at the open and effectual door and challenge the great main mass of your contemporaries. It has spread amazingly to some five hundred areas ; but in many of these it is struggling for a foothold, and seems a plaything rather than a power.

Moreover, still more important, we are in danger of a complete breakdown of the overstrained human machinery on every side. We started out with the principle, adopted from the Gospel, that two and two should go together. To-day, outside London, there is scarcely an area which is thus double-manned, and many without any whole-time men at all. Do not dream for one moment that any one of us desires to substitute professional for amateur energy, where amateurs can do the thing required. But you know well that a minimum staff of Area Padres and Secretaries must be maintained, if the whole growth is to be harnessed to its true and compelling cause. We cannot serve a cause unless we build a causeway. . . .

It is not money for ourselves that we are seeking. Let me explain this point. I was myself up till 1922 a salaried Chaplain of Toc H. Since then I have been, like the majority of Headquarters' staff, able to serve as an amateur. I know what both feel like ; and my sympathy is with the salaried men, who love Toc H as dearly as any one of you. There are at present in the whole world-wide Movement not more than twenty salaried men in all, at home and overseas. Any one of these could hold a post far better paid and less overworked. Some have resigned such posts to come into the full-time service of Toc H, with sheer and quiet sacrifice of other ambitions. We need at least another twenty such to compass the development immediately ahead. We must either have them and the capital necessary for their maintenance, their workshops, and their travelling to and fro ; or we must be content to see Toc H emerge all unempowered from its apostolic age, in deepening danger of becoming a great thing run to seed. . . ."

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What follows is an article written for this number of the JOURNAL which finds its fittest place after the letter from which we have just quoted. It is entitled—

Anon

IT is haply the first commandment for a pen-man that he should respect his readers ; and this at least I do. I respect every one in Toc H, if they are what I take them for ; yet my deepest respect is towards the oldest and most serviceable family in Christendom, the House of Anon. Turn where you will in human history and you will find that noble lineage silently at work for sweetness and light.

What poet more prophetic, what minstrel more enriching, what Christian more convincing than Anon all down the ages? Only ten years ago Anon won the war; and at our Festival the great procession halted and wheeled beside his grave. Yet Anon is not dead; Anon lives on and on. Anon has made Toc H. Turn to any statement of accounts, great or small, and you will find Anon giving to Toc H year in, year out, unceasingly. Anon will help to meet this great new need of 1928; for Anon knows it to be deep and true; an effectual door whereby great good may come to many lads, and through them, all the world over. The spirit of Anon will see us through.

Let me tell you two stories of that spirit. Early in 1920, a man, a Foundation Member, a postman by profession, gave all his war savings—five £5 Saving Certificates, he had no more, and held back nothing but his name. Another, a woman whose husband died in a desert expedition, had gone back to her earlier task of teaching. She found Toc H, as first a thing to work for, then as a life to be lived. She sold her fur coat, his last gift to her, and gave the money to Toc H overseas, anonymously of course. She now writes thus about a second spare-time job, which is washing-up in a Hospital for the Blind: "Washing up is such satisfactory work. There's no fear of boring people; they're not there to watch you when you're doing it." There speaks the very spirit of Anon, the voice of joy through pain, and happiest when hidden.

You may count these instances mere quixotry, but such men and women are at least immune from that dangerous malady which might be called the chronic suppression of the generous impulse. These unknown persons have at least "remembered the words of the Lord Jesus, when He said, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'" The Gospels themselves missed that gem of gems; but Paul saw it sparkling in some old man's memory, and treasured it to use at a tremendous moment. This is a tremendous moment in Toc H; let us use it once again. If Toc H stands for anything at all, it stands for that scheme of things wherein the work is above the wage and the game matters far more than the score. I know many members of Toc H, but I don't know one among them all who is in Toc H for self-seeking, who wants to get on *through* Toc H. I know many, and am one of them myself, who wants to get on *with* Toc H, but that's a very different thing.

So we are all to give; for life is first an owing, then a giving. Every year, a weekly wages envelope with the name erased comes from an unidentified member in Yorkshire. He sends on one week's pay untouched as he receives it. For many this cannot be, but one day's pay all round in 1928 would well-nigh solve our problem.*

TUBBY.

* The Hon. Administrator notes: "Our circumstances in Toc H vary so much that no standard can possibly be set for all. But is it too much to ask unmarried members to think whether to follow the unknown member's example, for this year only, would it be too heavy a burden on them? If it would be, then clearly they must not give it; and if a week's pay would mean no real sacrifice, they will know how much more they ought to add. For most married men a standard of a week's pay would be too high; but they might "test themselves" against a standard of two or three days' pay. As we wish to know what the response to this suggestion is, it will be best if these contributions are sent to the Registrar, with a note stating that they are members' contributions to the Endowment Fund."

EAVESDROPPING

The Editor knows nothing officially of the misdemeanour of which the writer of this article accuses himself, but finds that all the facts about Toc H work here reported can be verified in recent records at Headquarters. For the information of new readers—the Guard of the Lamp, whose “secret” deliberations are here betrayed, is a Sub-Committee (consisting of three members) of the Toc H Central Executive, charged with seeing that the symbols of the Movement are put to right uses, with examining the claims of units which apply to possess them, and making such recommendations and simple rules as are needed. The symbols themselves are (a) the Lamp of Maintenance, a bronze oil lamp shaped and inscribed as shown on the cover of this JOURNAL: it is only granted to Branches of Toc H, i.e., units which have undergone a testing period (not less than twelve months, and often more) in fellowship and service; and (b) the Rushlight, an adaptation of the old English rushlight holder—in effect a long-legged pair of pincers with the jaws upwards to grip a tiny candle: this is the symbol granted to all Groups of Toc H, i.e., new units in the probationary stage of their corporate life. The Rushlight is given without ceremony to every Group as soon as it is duly registered; the Lamp of Maintenance is only bestowed after the Group has petitioned the Guard of the Lamp, with full details of its life and work, and has been promoted, on the Guard’s recommendation, by the Central Executive—(These petitions are the subject of the discussion reported by our eavesdropper). The Lamp is then first lit, with ceremony, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the next Birthday Festival of Toc H. (see p. 33) Lamp and Rushlight are used for the simple ritual of “Light” which has its place in every regular Toc H meeting in the world, and new members can be initiated over either symbol.

TO the majority of the outer world Toc H is wrapt in mystery. We in the family smile when we read newspaper comments about our “ritual” and the “mumbo jumbo of the Lamps.” We know that Toc H is simplicity itself, the simplicity of all natural simple things near to the heart of God. Such simple ceremonies as it has are all the natural expression of the ideals of our inmost hearts, in which all outside or inside the family are invited to share. There is however one mysterious body about which we speak with bated breath, who hold our destinies in the hollow of their hands, who probe into the inside workings of our Groups and Branches, without whose approval we cannot hope to be exalted to the dignity and responsibility of the little bronze Lamp; who, when we have that Lamp, jealously watch our stewardship of it so that should we fail to keep its flame steady and bright we may be called to account. This mysterious body is named the Guards of the Lamp, but of whom it consisted and in what manner it discharged its onerous duties, I, in common with most of my brothers in Toc H, had little or no idea until I discovered something of its proceedings by a strange mischance, the manner of which was in this wise:

It is my misfortune to be a member of a Committee. In Toc H we look on all Committees as an evil which the limitations of human nature make necessary. We have to bear with them, but most of our meetings would shock the ordinary committee man; they possess a high-heartedness which even minutes and agendas fail to repress. I had been to a meeting at Queen Anne’s Gate, and when this meeting became perilously like that of an ordinary committee I, as other men have done before me, fell asleep. I must have slipped off my chair unnoticed by my brother members, for when I awoke it was broad daylight, and I found myself curled up under the Board Room table. But half aroused, I had a vision of three pairs of boots. two pairs of vivid socks (one green, one red) and the other pair

of sober black, surmounted by a pair of none-too-well creased trousers seeming to have a clerical significance. I was awakened to complete consciousness by a voice saying, "No, I can't see him now; this is a meeting of the Guards of the Lamp." Should I creep out and reveal my presence and perhaps be dealt with in a summary and unpleasant fashion, or should I lie low and pray to be delivered from coughs, sneezes and other untoward happenings? Stifling my conscience I decided that here indeed was a chance of "listening humbly" (if not hospitably) "to the other man's story"; and here is as accurate an account as I can recollect of the conversation:—

Red Socks : " . . . and that's when Tubby made his dreadful pun—d'you remember?—about Toc H putting Aladdin's new Lamp 'in a lad.' "

Black Socks : "Talking of Aladdin, have you heard the latest schoolboy howler? Question was 'Who was Aladdin?' Boy answered, 'Aladdin was a man who had a wonderful lamp, and every time he rubbed it a Guinness came out of the ground.' "

Green Socks (laughing) : "Come now, we must get on with it. . . . Now what about these blokes? Thirty of them, Bank and Insurance clerks, a school-master, a waiter, a seafaring lad, a grocer's assistant, a tramway conductor, a business proprietor, a factory worker, a solicitor's clerk, etc.—it's a fairly good mixture. Average age 30, ranging from 20 to 55."

B. S. : "What about denomination?"

G. S. : "Haven't given us that information, but I see they have, besides a C. of E. padre, a Free Church padre, so they are evidently on the right track. You've got a letter from one of them, Padre, haven't you?"

B. S. (I had guessed rightly) : "Yes, this is what he says, 'It is a live Group; the members take the Toc H ideals seriously, they make sacrifices for it and the work they do is immensely valuable to the community and to the Kingdom of God in the place. At the corporate celebration of Holy Communion we always have 75 per cent. of the members present and it is followed by a communal breakfast. The members realise that Toc H is essentially a religious movement. We are not a clean collar brigade but are well-mixed socially. . . . Your fellow man in Toc H, Padre ———.' Sounds good on that side."

R. S. : "What about jobs?"

G. S. : "Here is the Jobmaster's report—'On the basis of every member giving one afternoon or evening each week in service, they have five fellows running Scout troops, 6 visiting the infirmary, 4 at the Deaf and Dumb Mission. The Group as a whole has been instrumental in bringing together as a standing committee all the clergy of the town, and a Toc H member is their secretary. A scheme for work amongst the blind has been formulated which will absorb the spare time of all the other Group members not yet on regular jobs.' "

R. S. : "That seems fairly good. What about stability?"

G. S. : "I should say good enough. Three years ago they were very sticky—only two or three at their weekly meetings. Those two or three stuck it out: now they have their own H.Q. and turn up about 20 every week."

B. S. : "I move they be passed."

R. S. and G. S. : "Agreed."

R. S. : "What's next on the list?"

G. S. : "India—three applications for Lamps, but, before we tackle them, here are three letters which you fellows ought to see. A Calcutta member writes, 'It is becoming more apparent every day that nowhere is Toc H more wanted than in this country. If I may, I would like to say that the job which we hope we shall be strong enough, and faithful enough, to do in linking up with the fellows whom you introduce to us is a job which has wanted doing for years past. We of Toc H out here welcome exceedingly the prospect of doing our bit at this end, by entertaining newcomers and doing our best in every way to give them a cheery start. We know too well how vital it may be to a fellow's whole life here that he should make no mistake about the early days.'

"The Governor of one of the Provinces writes, 'The young fellows in the Group are so well able to realise the benefit to the youngster (of being welcomed by Toc H) on arriving in India for the first time. Get into a good set when you first arrive, and it is likely that all will go well with you. Get into a rotten crowd, unknowingly, and it is possible that you may make a mistake that will mar your future life.'

"And a leading Government servant in Ceylon, a keen member of Toc H says, 'We all think that the scheme, whereby you will be in direct touch with firms and banks at Home who send men out to the East, and your scheme for letting us know when new men are coming abroad, is a capital one. It is just what has been wanted for many years, and may I be permitted to say that at our end we shall be only too happy to do anything possible for new men on arrival. Your scheme has been started at exactly the right time and will, I am sure, be of the very greatest help not only to the firm concerned and to the individual lad, but to Toc H Branches and Groups who are trying to get in touch with new arrivals. Only suggestion which can I put forward—in addition to your being in touch with firms and banks, would it be possible for you similarly to get in touch with the India and Colonial Office and to inform India and the Colonies of new arrivals for the Government services? Every man appointed to the Government Service in Ceylon from England is sent out by the Colonial Office, and I think it would be very useful indeed if you could give us similar information with regard to new men coming out to the Government Services.'

B. S. : "We have someone now acting as forwarding agent for Toc H in the East, haven't we?"

G. S. : "Yes, Ludo—headquarters at All Hallows' Porch Room.* He will put any young fellow going out East in touch with Toc H who will meet and elder brother him. But to get on with our business. We have dealt with Bombay No. 1, who have been doing excellent work with arriving transports, looking after the women and children and giving them a real 'homey' welcome, and we know about their solid work in connection with sanitation and children's games in an Indian village in co-operation with Group 2, composed of Indians, all Roman Catholics, with their own priest as Padre. Now we go across to the

* See note and article on p. 12.

East Coast; the Group we have to consider is composed of Government servants, merchants, traders, military, education officers and professional men. They have the use of five rooms granted them by the military authorities which serve as Group H.Q. and recreation rooms for the garrison and Mercantile Marine. Their principal job is in the prisons. They have 7 men prison visitors and 1 woman; 3 members work amongst the younger prisoners and have started a Scout and a Rover troop, two members work in the 'Star' class and 2 in the 'close' prison amongst the 'habituals.' There is a Toc H prison library, games, and a gramophone with English and Indian records; lantern lectures are given and concerts. Outside the prison work, scoutmasters have been trained and supplied to Anglo-Indian troops and a training camp organised and financed. Those presenting themselves for training include railway apprentices, naval and military officers and airmen. A library of 600 books has been formed and run for the garrison, concerts provided for the troops, and men in the Navy entertained. (Arising out of the latter work I expect to hear any mail of the formation of the second Royal Navy Group; the first is, as you know, going strong on the battleship *Ramillies*.) Work has also been done in the Mental Asylum and Reformatory - 150 boys from the latter were taken by the Group to the Naval and Military Tournament. H.E. the Governor has presented the Group with a cinema projector and four shows a month are given to various hospitals, institutes, and deaf and dumb children. A concert party has been formed and given show at the Leper Settlement and elsewhere. Padre's report is good."

R. S. : "What about the Indian Council?"

G. S. : "Strongly recommended."

B. S. : "Good enough. Unanimously approved, I take it?"

R. S. and G. S. : "Aye!"

G. S. : "To come back home, there's that Group we referred back last meeting for further enquiries. I am not satisfied that their paper job list truly represents much work involving real sacrifice and, if you will glance at these press cuttings, you will see a strong tendency to use Toc H for self-advertisement."

B. S. : "Yes, and by the leaders of the Group, too. That's a real danger to Toc H. The public have very little clear knowledge of what Toc H is, but they have sensed in an extraordinary way that it has a very high standard and is trying to live up to its ideals. To belong to Toc H is already a 'hall-mark' in very many places, and you fellows, I know, feel as strongly as I do that any tendency to use Toc H for self-advertisement or advancement must be ruthlessly suppressed."

R. S. : "Absolutely. I vote we put them back for a bit."

G. S. : "Then that settles that. There are good fellows in the Group and I have reason to believe they will not be disheartened and the set-back will sort out the sheep from the goats."

R. S. : "It's curious the percentage of applications from overseas for promotion is so large, when in England there are a tremendous number of Groups who have been established for two or three years but have not applied. Why is it?"

B. S. : "I think it is a mistaken idea that a Lamp is a reward of merit, and many first-class Groups have set an extremely high standard for themselves."

G. S. : "Yes, they don't see that the Group stage is merely a testing time. When they are satisfied that they understand what Toc H really is, what is behind it all, and when they feel that their members as a whole really love the thing and are trying hard at it, they ought to apply for their Lamp. Until they have it they are not really in the Family but in much the same position as a candidate on probation. The Lamp has a small but absolutely steady flame with a big reservoir to feed it. The Rushlight is often brighter but lasts only for a short time. Have you ever realised the fact that the mechanical construction of the Rushlight is such that it holds the taper in position by the weight of the Double Cross at the end of the arm? It is only personal sacrifice and all it entails which will hold the light in position. It is essential, I think, that the service done by the Group should have a touch of that sacrifice for which the Cross stands."

B. S. : "Yes, even some Branches are inclined to be content to concentrate on relief work. And that really is only work for a few members on committees."

R. S. : "Talking of sacrifice, did you hear Lord Forster's story? I think it was *a propos* the Adelaide Group. A case came to their notice of a tubercular ex-Service man. He was ordered to live out of town and near the sea, but had no means. The Group discussed his case and a member suggested a site might be obtained on the sea shore. This was done and the Group considered the erection of a house. One member said he was in a position to supply timber and transport and the members agreed they could build the place themselves. Someone asked when they could begin and a quiet voice answered from the back of the room 'The sun rises at 4 a.m.' For a fortnight the whole body of members spent the early morning and the evening of every day in clearing the ground and building the bungalow. The man has now been in residence for two years and is in a large measure restored to normal health."

G. S. : "After that let us have a look at South Africa. Here is a Group petitioning, and the Dominion spirit seems the same around the globe. This Group has 38 members and 19 'outer guard.' The youngest is 16 years of age and the oldest 70—average age 31. Every type socially and ecclesiastically. In conjunction with Rotary and another Toc H Group they built (Toc H doing the labour) a hostel to accommodate 20 boys to be run under the auspices of the Juvenile Probation Officer. They helped furnish and fit up a Working Women's Hostel. They cleared for cultivation the grounds of a Creche (boys') Hostel. They undertook the labour connected with the collection, packing and despatch of food, live stock, portable buildings, medical comforts, etc., for the inhabitants of the lonely island of Tristan da Cunha. They regularly help at the Seamen's Institute. Individually they do an infinite variety of jobs in connection with rescue work, Church work, sick visiting and relief work. Here is a letter from a hospital matron, 'The cigarettes and papers are much enjoyed, as are also the outings you give the helpless ones. The haircutting and shaving for the men patients is a great scheme and all the men tell me how much better things are now. . . . Please convey the sincere thanks of the Hospital.' The members

have once a week attended to cut the patients' hair and shave them, apparently with a reasonable amount of skill. Here is the thanks of another matron for help given, "If Toc H is going to send out unexpected help like this in all times of difficulty it will soon become a power." With all these jobs they have contrived to do such missionary work that no less than five new Groups have been established in the neighbourhood."

R. S. : "That alone ought to warrant their promotion. I wish some of our old Branches at home would 'spread the gospel' as energetically."

G. S. : "The Provincial Executive add their recommendation, so I don't think we can do better than accept it."

B. S. : "Agreed. Have they a Lamp promised?"

R. S. : "Yes, by a local resident in memory of his two sons who both served with the S.A. Infantry and passed over by the Menin Road on the same day."

G. S. : "I have been drafting the annual questionnaire to Branches; we must get that out directly after the Birthday so that we can report to the Council in April, through the Executive, as to any Branches who ought to have their Lamps removed. I think it would be as well to include an enquiry as to how many Branches remember those in whose memory their Lamp is given on the anniversary of their deaths."

B. S. : "Yes—that is done in all the London Houses in each room that is dedicated as a Memorial. They use the appropriate service compiled by Herbert Fleming just before his own death. It is now in print."

G. S. : "I think that's about all we can do to-day. I've got to go to Wales and I know your programmes are full up with meetings and Birthday work. Shall we meet next Tuesday? We have one or two cases of the misuse of the Lamp emblem to deal with, and a number of applications from outside bodies for the use of our Lamp in connection with Armistice, to say nothing of all the rest of these petitions."

R. S. : "That'll suit me; I've got to get off to the South Coast to conduct a first initiation of new Group members. By the way, you know the latest method of joining Toc H? Tubby motoring in the West Country was met at a corner by a lad coasting downhill on a bicycle. This lad entered Tubby's car through the windscreen, had the glass removed from his face, was duly bandaged up and made a member of Toc H."

G. S. : "Somewhat reminiscent of Basil Levett who, giving a lift to the Bishop of Winchester when he came up for the first Birthday, exceeded the speed limit going through Guildford. When the case came up for hearing, the policeman was captured for Toc H, and the Magistrate, imposing the usual fine, produced a subscription for Toc H."

B. S. : "Well, cheerio, you fellows; I'm off."

* * * *

Ten minutes later I crawled out somewhat stiff in limb, but more stiffened still in my determination to get that Lamp for my Group, *and* keep it. NEMO.

GOING OUT EAST

Toc H is trying in many ways and lands to befriend the youngster going to a strange place, whether at home or overseas. The young emigrant to Australia, for instance, may find the name of Toc H a passport to the heart of a fellowship "down under" which makes all the difference; the public school boy landing at Wellington, N.Z., finds a Toc H friend awaiting him on the quay. The brief article which follows outlines this Toc H job of friendship as it concerns men going "out East" for the first time. It is written by SIR LUDOVIC PORTER, K.C.S.I. ("Ludo" to his fellow members), late Executive Member of the Council in the Government of the United Provinces of India, now working in London as Eastern Secretary of Toc H. Those interested should get in touch with him at All Hallows Porch Room, Byward Street, E.C.3.

I HAVE been asked to write shortly about Toc H in India; its present position, and the possibilities of the future. I am poorly qualified for this; but recently elected, and with no personal experience of the Indian Toc H work. But I served there 35 years, and I have tried in the last few months, aided enormously by accompanying Tubby on some recent tours, to learn what I could of Toc H—its spirit and work. I will try and express briefly what, in my own thoughts (I have no authority to speak for the Council of India or for Branches and Groups there) Toc H offers to young fellows individually, and generally to our race in the East, in this time of transition through which the Eastern peoples are passing.

As to what Toc H has achieved in India in the short space of two years, I can do no better than quote—without his permission—what Elliot (Secretary and mainstay of the work) wrote me from Calcutta a few days ago:—

"None of us believed two years ago that by now we should have a Chapel of Remembrance in Calcutta Cathedral and a really worthy casket for the Lamp for India to occupy it—that we should have a 'pukka' Toc H House in Calcutta with 7 fellows living in it, and two stout Groups to keep it going—that both Madras and Bombay would be well established on deep foundations, and that there would be healthy Groups in Cawnpore, Wellington and Simla-Delhi, with every prospect of a Group in Ooty in the near future. All this, looking back, is far beyond our expectations of two years ago—and we are tremendously grateful for it." Elliot ends up: "I am quite sure that there was never more need for Toc H than in India to-day." So—speaking humbly as a new member—think I.

In the first place it is needed for the youngster going East as a newcomer; and, in the second, throughout his after career; whether he is in the service of the Crown as soldier or civilian, or in business; whether he is working with others of his race, or alone among aliens. It is hard for the untravelled to realise the loneliness of a lad on his first arrival in the East. Everything is strange—peoples, language, customs. To get in touch with newcomers, especially in Bombay and Calcutta, is one of the chief jobs undertaken by members of Toc H, and they can, I think, be greatly helped in this by better liaison between Home and Overseas, and by notice sent in advance of fresh arrivals. They can help the newcomer in a hundred ways. They are mostly young fellows near his own age; they can put him on the right track and help him to keep there;

and if he is getting off it, they can, better than their seniors, give the kindly hint which may save shipwreck.

At some time or other, most of us who work in the East have to face months or years of solitude, with little companionship with other white men. We should never forget that every man of our race in India and the East is an Ambassador for his country. His life is known to all. He is watched, and all that he does goes round that great whispering gallery. How staunchly the great majority have stood this test is proved by the affectionate respect and trust with which the Englishman personally is regarded throughout India. Had it been otherwise, our rule could not have endured.

And here, it seems to me, Toc H comes as a tremendous reinforcement to the engrained love of England which has produced this wonderfully high standard. The knowledge that he is one of a Family, that he is one of a picked force fighting for the same ideals throughout the world, the feeling that he must not let the Brotherhood down, will help the lonely man in many a tight place. From Toc H he will learn understanding of the peoples among whom he is working—greatest help of all in the task our race has to face in the East. Indians who are not Christians cannot be members of Toc H, but they can be associated with its work; and nothing will break through the barriers of race more irresistibly than the association of Englishmen and Indians in unselfish service and common effort to help the down-and-out. "To spread the Gospel without preaching it": the member of Toc H who endeavours, however feebly, to live up to this, its highest ideal, the one on which hang all the rest, will, as others have done, mightily influence very many Indians, not in name Christians. Therefore I repeat Elliot's words, "I am sure there was never more need for Toc H than in India to-day."

I should like to say a few words about the development of Toc H in India in the immediate future, and its financial needs, in connection particularly with the Endowment Appeal recently launched. I am speaking again only for myself, though I know Judge Pearson, Chairman of the India Council, agrees in general with me. Since I have been appointed Eastern Secretary, my first aim has been to secure the co-operation of the big business firms who trade and bank with India, and to ask them to send me notice in advance of the men they are sending to the East, and of their destination, so that I may notify the Branches and Groups in India and ensure their getting in touch with newcomers on arrival.

I am now taking the same steps for Ceylon, with Dowbiggin's* warm approval. I have been met by all the firms I have visited, needless to say, with the utmost kindness and courtesy; and all have promised this co-operation. But many of them have asked me what we can do to get housing accommodation for their young men, where they can stay, at any rate for the first few weeks, in good and cheery surroundings. We now have a good house with some bedrooms in Calcutta; but it is hired, and the rent is high. It seems to me that our first need is to buy or build our own houses with plenty of bedrooms in Calcutta, Bombay and Colombo—to be run on the lines of the London Marks and other Marks in England, as the permanent centres and nuclei of Toc H in the East.

* H. L. Dowbiggin, Commissioner of Police, Colombo, a very keen member of Toc H.

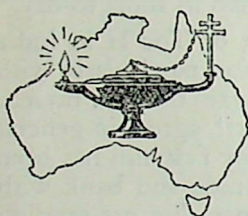
Secondly, the chief difficulties with which Toc H in India has to cope are the disorganisation caused by constant transfers—inevitable both in the business and official communities; and the vast distances, and consequent isolation of individual members. I think future development will be on the lines of the formation of Groups and Branches in the big commercial centres, where there is a more or less settled community, combined with a general membership spread over the country. To hold this scattered community together, to visit isolated individuals (*e.g.*, in the jute districts of Bengal or the tea districts of Assam) it seems essential that there should be two whole-time men, one layman, one clerical; embodying that admirable rule of Toc H organisation by which the lay and clerical leaders work harmoniously in a team, neither element predominating. All this means work, and many difficulties, and money. Can we carry it through? I think so, with a great effort. Of course any money subscribed by firms or individuals interested in India to the Endowment Fund, for which the Prince made his appeal, could be earmarked for India.

After all, to paraphrase a quotation made recently by our new President, Mr. Stanley Baldwin: "When God has a hard job to be done, He gives it to His Englishmen"—and Scotchmen and Welshmen and Irishmen, and all the rest of our Empire brotherhood.

LUDO PORTER.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS CONTINUED

Pat Leonard in Australia



Toc H Australia

Australia to the family of Toc H which he left behind in Manchester may therefore well be one of his last from "down under."

PADRE PAT LEONARD (as every member knows—or should know) having been alongside Tubby in the founding of Toc H Australia in 1925, returned thither in January, 1927. He was warmly welcomed and found that most of the seed sown two years before had taken root and sprung up beyond its sowers' best hopes: Toc H Australia at its best can be equalled at home only by Toc H at its very best. For nearly a year Pat has been travelling up and down the Australian Continent—with a very happy lapse into New Zealand—engaged in the arduous work of encouraging, strengthening, sometimes criticising or helping to reorganise the work so bravely begun; his has been the old Pauline job of "confirming the churches." Next month he sails again for home. The following dispatch from Western

Mount Barker,
Western Australia.

6.10.'27.

MY DEARS,—

I'm in the middle of a very happy tour in Western Australia. I spent a fortnight in Perth as the guest of the Governor, Sir William Campion, who is an enthusiastic member of Toc H and a pillar of strength to the Family.

There are four very strong Groups in the *Perth* Metropolitan area; or rather three Groups and a Branch, but as far as I could judge they all ought to be Branches. The Group in *Guildford*

has its own House—a five-roomed bungalow, in which it meets—and number a good 35, which is a fair percentage of the population of the overgrown village. Their chief piece of steady service is in connection with a Boys' Orphanage. Two years ago, the orphanage was ruled by the rod and consequently turned out a steady stream of rebels. The Group converted the Staff and the boys, started Scouts for them, and now runs four troops, and has generally revolutionised the whole place. I spent an evening there and was amazed at the spirit of the boys and the cheery, happy friendly atmosphere of the whole place.

The chief reason for coming to the West now was to take part in the Birthday festivities—just two years since Tubby initiated 11 men as the nucleus of the two Groups. The membership now must be well over 200, for the Wesley Church was full for the Thanksgiving service, and at least 500 must have been in the Hall for the Lamp-Lighting. On that occasion the Governor, Don Cleland and I all had to make speeches, between musical items: it sounds dull enough but was actually an extraordinarily good evening. Next morning we had corporate Communion and a Fellowship breakfast afterwards before scattering to work. Forty-seven came to the breakfast, which was a most hilarious affair, chiefly because we had boiled eggs, and the odds were slightly against getting a chicken inside. That afternoon (which by the way was a Saturday) we went off into the bush for a picnic. A glorious day, too hot if anything, certainly too hot for the football they insisted on playing: but the run there and back in a convoy of about a dozen cars of various makes, sizes, speeds and capacities was great fun, punctuated as far as I was concerned by moments of wind-up, for I doubt if any driver had ever tried his hand at the game before.

Last Sunday night I set off by train for *Bunbury*, where a member from *Melbourne* has recently been moved as superintendent of the Seamen's Institute. Thanks to him and Bishop Wilson, with whom I stayed, a good deal of seed had been sown; so it wasn't very difficult work to get a good group together. My first night we had a public meeting with the Mayor in his Parlour—a good crowd turned up and heard all about Toc H; the next day I spent seeing likely men, and in the evening we launched the Group, 15 strong. At 7.30 the following morning I boarded the local train and had a unique experience in the main street which consists of two hotels, two stores, two garages, and a large cold storage shed in which the apples are packed, and the wood, etc., kept until the sales. Toc H had decided on a little town beautifying scheme and, as a preliminary, decided to plant an avenue of trees down the main street. Yesterday a start was made and 18 trees were planted by the school children in memory of the Mt. Barker men "who came not home" in 1918. The ground had been previously cleared, the holes dug, and the guards erected by the Group on Saturday afternoons. As a result of Toc H's lead, the whole town is fired with civic pride and other improvements are being thought out and carried through. . . .

Another job the Group did will probably sound more striking to you, but is, as a matter of fact, done by everybody as a matter of course in these country areas. A fruit grower fell sick, so the Group kept his orchards pruned, sprayed and tended, picked and packed his harvest and saw it safely to the railway for transport to its destination. There isn't a man in the Group who doesn't work from sun up to sun down at his own orchard, or farm—fighting his way yard by yard against the ever-growing virgin forest. Before a man can sow a seed he's got to clear his land, which is covered by fairly thick forest—this entails felling the trees and then burning them—a difficult and expensive business, then grubbing up the roots, then ploughing, then more grubbing, then dealing with the new shoots which grow like Jack's beanstalk, then more ploughing, then top-dressing and then at last sowing. It's a hard, fine life, and it breeds men who are men indeed. . . .

Ever yours,

PAT.

Padre Harry Ellison in Canada

THE missionary journeys of "Uncle Harry" on behalf of Toc H are wellknown to JOURNAL readers, thanks to the vivid and regular dispatches which he has contributed to its pages. The list of South African Branches and Groups at the end of the present number tell their own story: until Harry Ellison went over to South Africa in 1926 there was but the one small, if very loyal, Branch at Keiskama Hoek to "show the flag" of Toc H in all that immense country. He has now similarly accomplished his part of the task in Canada. Seven Branches and Groups have stood steadily in the list for Canada as the harvest of Tubby's lightning visit in 1922 and his second visit with Pat Leonard on the World Tour of 1925. It seems certain that at least twenty-five new Groups will have been added to these as the result of Uncle Harry's visit, now just ended. Some are already 'registered' as Groups, others are on the way.

In South Africa and Canada the method of campaign has been the same. In each case Harry Ellison has "blazed the trail," moving rapidly, collecting such bodies of men as could be gathered round the bare name of Toc H in the first instance, opening their eyes and setting fire to their imaginations in a single night's talk or in a couple of days' visit, and leaving them behind, with their own keen but untried leaders, to work out their Toc H life together, and to extend it, as soon as their knowledge catches up their eagerness, to their neighbours. It is clearly a method which means taking risks, but "nothing venture, nothing have"—and nine times out of ten the risk is justified by the result. But the method has not stopped at this point. Uncle Harry, the "pioneer," was followed up, a few months later, on his South African itinerary by Gilbert Williams, the "mopper-up" (in a convenient active service phrase). Gilbert systematically visited the infant Groups, seeking to put them on the rails where, left to their own devices, they may have run off them, disentangling where they had run into the common troubles of new Groups, encouraging the depressed, humbling the unduly elated. A body of South African membership showing a really solid front and six new Branches coming forward to receive their Lamps at the Birthday Festival, was the token of the success of these two Pilgrims' work in combination. The same combination is to be used in Canada. Uncle Harry has just left the Dominion: Gilbert goes out to it next month. And at the same time Uncle Harry returns to South Africa, with Mrs. Ellison again, for further campaigning which will last probably until the next Birthday Festival comes round.

One further word at this point. "The church which ceases to be a missionary church is dead"—an old saying, often proved sadly true. The missionary work of Toc H overseas is a way of life: it has its great glamour and its reward. But it has also its heavy responsibilities and its great weariness sometimes for those who undertake it. Harry Ellison and Gilbert Williams both reached England from overseas in December, 1927: both leave England again for overseas in February, 1928. The month of January which intervenes is no holiday for either of them—it is a busy time of preparation for the work ahead. Let members at home have these, our pilgrims, constantly in their minds and help to bear them up with their prayers.

Uncle Harry was able to re-join Mrs. Ellison in England on Christmas Eve, after a heavy buffeting across the Atlantic. During the Christmas week-end he sat down and wrote his final Canadian dispatch for the JOURNAL, as follows:—

MY DEAR "JOURNALISTS,"—

December 27th, 1927.

You last heard from me from *Edmonton* some six weeks ago. I am still hoping that something may result from the "supper-meeting" which we arranged at such short notice there. I will only say this—that, if a Group does slowly materialise there, it will be one more item added to the big debt which Toc H owes to the Scout Movement. *Edmonton* is not exactly a hot-house, as I proved the following morning with my first experience of 10 below zero (plus a

wind!) The taxi which should have taken me to the 7.20 train at the Canadian Pacific Station landed me at the Canadian National, where the train left an hour later, and from which it was a 10 hours' journey to Calgary instead of the 7 hours' one which I had planned. I have tried to see the working of Providence in it, but it is not yet apparent! Anyhow we passed through an amazing farming country, and it certainly upset some preconceived ideas to see threshing operations in full swing with the thermometer well "below," and the endless rows of "stooks" covered with snow. *Calgary* was as big a problem as *Edmonton*, as no preparations had been made, and I was only there between 7 p.m. on Friday, and 5 a.m. on Sunday. In desperation I hired a hall at a venture and, with Don Campbell's help, interviewed the two local papers with a view to a meeting on the following evening. Luckily also the officers in charge of a great Armistice Day ball at my hotel were real sportsmen and agreed to give notice of the meeting during supper. The meeting was a small one, but first rate in quality, and I left on the Sunday morning with the feeling that we had some splendid men in *Calgary* who would go "all out" to make that Armistice a notable one in the history of "the Prince's own city." It was great to meet five of them a fortnight later on my return journey at the station; and to find their hearts very high about the whole matter, among them Gerry Brawn, late of *Bedford* (I hope I have got his name right!). Good luck indeed to their great and sporting effort!

The journey through the Rockies was disappointing, especially to a crowd of Australians who were going home that way, as the mountains were covered with snow clouds and we could not get a glimpse of them. *Kamloops*, under the auspices of Padre Bill Askey, was my first dive into British Columbia, and a very encouraging one at that. As was so often the case, we owed our meeting place to the hospitality of the Canadian Legion. A fine crowd of men gave in their names, and my small room at the Hotel must still be reeking with the tobacco smoked in it at the second meeting on the following afternoon. One has nothing but delightful memories of that beautiful spot under the guidance of "Tiny" Askey and his Bishop, and it was not the latter's fault if I failed to grasp his mathematical explanations of various kinds of "Patience." (N.B.—I am not referring to the Christian virtue of that ilk as might appear from the nature of my instructor!). At *Vancouver* we started off with a public meeting in the most magnificent *Toc H* surroundings ever known, the ball-room of the great *Georgia Hotel*, which, together with most generous hospitality, was offered to us by the manager, Mr. Weldon. As a result a new Group has been formed in the City itself, a wiser policy, I think, than that of including the newcomers in the existing happy family. There followed a talk to a splendid crowd of students of both sexes at the University; a complete "wash-out" of a meeting at the "Royal City" of *New Westminster* (may *Toc H Vancouver* never sit down under this!); and, not least of all, the dedication of the basement Chapel in the new House at 1263 *Davie Street*, and the handing over to the Branch of the first *British Columbia Lamp* which I had brought with me. The chapel was filled to overflowing with old and new members when *Harry Logan* received the *Lamp* on behalf of the Branch. The House is already proving itself a real home and centre for *Toc H* in *Vancouver* and bids fair to justify abundantly the faith and enthusiasm which has been put into it by *Harold Molson* and his merry men. The Monday morning found me sailing across to that ever beautiful spot *Victoria* on *Vancouver Island*. On arrival I found that I had clashed with various counter attractions, not the least of which was a lecture by *Alfred Noyes*. So after meeting him at tea at Government House, and practically surrendering the honours to him in advance, it was rather wonderful to find one of the finest meetings that I had in Canada assembled at the Armouries under *Sir Percy Lake's* chairmanship, and to have 53 applications for membership, of whom a big majority came to the "follow up" meeting on the next afternoon. All honour and thanks to *Major Cuthbert Holmes* for the splendid way in which he had worked things up, and a special greeting to that great new beginning on the island. Back to *Vancouver* during the night for the starting of a small group in *North Vancouver*. It was rather tragic

that dear old Miles Tristram's good efforts should have encountered the wettest night that even Vancouver could provide (sorry, Vancouver, but you are always saying how like your climate is to the old country!) but I like to remember that some of the finest Toc H results have come from such small beginnings. So may it be. May I suggest "It ain't gonna rain no more" as a suitable anthem for North Vancouver, with banjo accompaniment by one of the best?

The following morning (November 24) found me turning back on my tracks, and beginning the long trail eastwards. First of all the wonderful Fraser Valley; a glimpse of three cheery faces at Kamloops (Scotch, I fancy, as they were filled with just indignation at the price at which I had assessed the JOURNAL for Canada!): the gradual climb into the land of ice and snow once more; a night at Sicamou's Hotel, and then a glorious train and steamer run down to *Penttison* in the Okanagan fruit district. Five hours is not long in which to try and sow the seeds of Toc H, and to give some idea as to how to carry on, but I left with big hopes that the 19 or 20 good men and true there, under Bill Long's guidance, would soon prove a strong centre in that all-important and beautiful district. On to the boat again at midnight and back to Sicamou's by the following evening for a very welcome 24 hours of quiet before the 4 days' train journey across the continent! I was sorry indeed that it had proved impossible to try and resuscitate the old group at *Cbillauck*, but I am sure that Leslie Brice did all that was possible and that they will yet have big days in front of them. Nor could I look up the stalwarts at *Pincher Creek* as I had hoped: a problematical five minutes' talk after midnight at the station hardly seemed to justify a long and broken journey by that route. One item I forgot to mention last month was the receipt of a letter from Padre Hazell telling me of the tiny group at *Loverna* which had been carrying on there on the Prairie since Tubby's last visit, unbeknown to the family at large, and with little encouragement, I fear. Of such is the Toc H spirit, and may they soon find themselves caught up in the wider family life!

The journey from Sicamou's to Toronto lasted from Sunday night to Thursday morning and gave one a welcome chance of seeing some of the old friends and hearing their news. Calgary I have mentioned. At *Moosejaw*, which I expected to pass peacefully at 4.30 a.m., I found myself confronted in my pyjamas by two of the best with the thermometer at 17 below! Good luck to them. At *Brandon* I had ten minutes with five of the Group including the beloved Bishop, Charlie Bagg, and Padre Barratt, the latter of whom I had missed on my first visit. Finally at *Winnipeg* "Benny" Shaw (best of Registrars), Ivor Norris, and Chairman Sims came for a great pow-wow in my compartment.

At *Toronto* on the Thursday night we had a magnificent Birthday Gathering with some 200 members, probationers, and friends from the Branch and from all of the new Ontario Groups except *London* (150 miles away), and even they were coming in force to the House for the following week-end. It was a big occasion, splendidly arranged, and I was ever so grateful for the chance of meeting so many of them again, and of initiating the first members of the new Groups.

The following night was the meeting at *Ottawa*, the capital city, where Fred James and Padre Hepburn took me under their generous wing, as they had done the preparations for the meeting itself. The result was a fine bunch of ex-Service men joining up, as the meeting was held at the Legion Headquarters. They will, I hope, already have their plans laid to bring in the younger men, and I have little doubt but that they will do so. While there I had my one and only never-to-be-forgotten sight of a professional Ice Hockey match in the Great Canadian and American League. It is about the fastest and most thrilling game in existence and my enjoyment of it was not entirely wiped out by the newspaper headings which followed, "Hockey pleases English Divine," "Uncle Harry saw first Hockey Game." And so on to *Montreal*. The three meetings there on successive nights (*Westmount*, *Verdun* and *South Shore*) were splendid ones, and all the more welcome as I had been told to expect somewhat difficult ground.

Perhaps the secret lay in the fact, which leaked out, that one, if not more, of the Group had spent practically every night for a month in house-to-house visitation, generally not getting home till after midnight!! Also, for once in a while, a broadcasted sermon from the Cathedral seemed to have awakened a considerable amount of interest and enthusiasm judging from the enquirers whom it brought in. A *Quebec* group resulted from the two following nights, and was made doubly acceptable by the beloved Canon Scott's* chairmanship at the first meeting, and the fact that the "after-meeting" was held in the house of my host, Jack Price, one of the truest friends that Toc H has had in Canada. On the Saturday afternoon I was just able to fit in a small meeting at St. John's, some 30 miles from Quebec, at the request of a keen soldier-man, brought personally to me in Montreal, and a small but responsible crowd of good men agreed to begin thinking things out as the *St. John's-Iberville* Group, the two towns being adjacent on opposite banks of the historical Richelieu river. The Sunday evening saw our final *Montreal* meeting at which I had planned to give "Group instruction" to the members of the three new Montreal Groups, but at which so many newcomers were also present that I had to give a further "potted" talk on Toc H generally. A great show, and a worthy finale to the splendid work of the Montreal Campaign Committee!

On the Monday I pushed off to *Sherbrooke*, one of the "Eastern Townships" on the U.S. border, rather doubtful as to what sort of a reception Toc H would have there, but I need not have doubted. Thanks largely to Canon Bigg's help, we started off with a fine "instruction" meeting of men who were likely to be keen, an inevitable putting of the cart before the horse! There followed a talk to a delightful audience of men at Bishop's College, *Lennoxville*, some four miles away in what in summer time must be a gorgeous country; and on the following night the main meeting gave us no less than some 42 names for the town group. One has the most delightful memories of *Sherbrooke*, including that of every electric light standard in the main streets dressed with a Christmas tree (by the local Rotary, I believe)—a real land of Christmas trees, that!; of the delightful welcome given to the stranger by Canon Bigg and his family, and Principal McGreer and his wife, my hosts; and of the finding of two keen Toc H-ers in the persons of Kestell Cornish, late of Mark III, and Buckland of Swindon. I had to bolt from the meeting to catch my train at 10.25 for the final stage (12 hours odd) to *Saint John, New Brunswick*. It was a real joy to have been able on my own to arrange a meeting there with the very willing and generous help of Padre Lawrence, which I asked for as soon as I knew that I could spend an evening in the place. The meeting gave us a small but exceptionally representative group of men who agreed to try and work it all out. I am full of hope that big developments may follow there, if only because of its importance as the first Toc H stronghold in the Maritime Provinces, and as one of those great ports of entry into the Dominion where Toc H may mean so much, not only for the sea-going boys but in that inevitable future when Toc H is deeply concerned with the forwarding, welcoming, and "brothering" of large numbers of emigrants to the country.

And so on to the good ship *Montcalm* on December 15. I shall possibly have another chance of summarising the impressions of the two and a half months' campaign. Suffice it to say that there are now 25 new groups of the Canadian family, making more than 30 with the existing Branches and Groups and that the beginnings of a Canadian organisation have been made. There are four main areas, Eastern Canada, Ontario, the Middle West and British Columbia, each with their Honorary Registrars and Assistants. Much will depend on their good efforts to link up the family, and I have no doubt of their good will and keenness in this all-important matter. All honour to them and my lasting gratitude to those nameless Campaign Committees who worked so hard to make everything possible! For the rest my main concern is to see that Padre Bill (*Gilbert Williams*), my "mopper up," as they call him out there, arrives very shortly, and does that same essential work as he did so splendidly in South Africa.

* See note on him, and two poems by him, in November *JOURNAL*, 1927, p. 414.

And it was Toc H to the last ! The ship itself with its 1st class filled with typical 3rd class tourists, owing to the breakdown of a sister ship—a really great human zoo ! And in this quiet corner of England my wife and I were greeted on arrival on Christmas Eve by three small “waits” singing *Jerusalem*. All went well till the sight of the extra large tip which their enterprise clearly demanded, caused a collapse in the “mental strife” section, and “England’s green and pleasant land” was left tenantless and unsung by them as they fled !

Yours in Toc H,

HARRY ELLISON.

TOC H AND THE SCHOOLS

In 1921 the Cavendish Association, which had been founded in 1913 to encourage social service among public school boys and men, was incorporated in Toc H, and its work has been continued and extended. The “Schools Service Bureau” (S.S.B.) of Toc H seeks to interest boys of the Public and other Secondary Schools in social service. It appoints where possible a master in each school, who acts as its “Correspondent.” He does what he can to help boys while at school to an understanding of social questions and their duty in connection with them, and sends their names, when they leave school, to the S.S.B. The Secretary of the S.S.B. then writes to each school “leaver,” offering advice and assistance in starting a sparetime job of service in the place where the boy lives, and to put him in touch with the Toc H member who acts as the local S.S.B. Representative. A boy thus helped is under no obligation to become a member of Toc H, but in a great many instances he finds his best means of serving within the fellowship of the Movement. Similar work is being done by Toc H in New Zealand and elsewhere overseas.

JANUARY is a busy month for the Schools Department. On Monday, 16th, the annual Conference is meeting in the library of Westminster School, by the kindness of the Headmaster, and up to date representatives of 35 schools have accepted the invitation to attend, as well as members of the Schools Advisory Committee and local S.S.B. representatives. Major General Sir Arnold Sillem will preside, and, in addition to the Hon. Secretary’s report on the year’s working, there will be discussions on The work of the school Correspondent in the school, the work of the S.S.B. Representative in dealing with boys after they have left school, on Scouting as a training for personal service, and on what Toc H can do for the boy going overseas.

Ninety-two schools are now affiliated to the S.S.B., including fourteen which have joined during the year. One hundred and ten boys have joined the S.S.B. during 1927, and a number of others have joined Toc H direct, or have been helped to find jobs of personal service or put in touch with members overseas. Toc H speakers have visited 37 schools. The local organisation of the work, the most recent development, is progressing, and up to date 29 special S.S.B. Representatives have been definitely appointed. At both Oxford and Cambridge, the Toc H Secretaries have been busy establishing touch with men coming up who have been referred to them through the S.S.B.

From January 11-13, a party from Bradfield, Charterhouse and Sherborne visited Toc H in London. The objects of these visits are to enable those who come to see something of the fellowship side of Toc H, something of the social and industrial conditions of work and life in a great city, and something of the ways in which one man may serve his fellows. In addition to a Toc H Guest Night and an evening in various boys’ clubs, visits were paid to the London Docks, Messrs. Bryant & May’s factory, a film studio as guests of Ideal Films, Ltd., and the Battersea Day Continuation School. These school visits are part of the regular policy of the S.S.B. and have generally proved of great interest to those attending. Marlborough, Wellington, Lancing and other Schools have sent similar parties in previous years.

H. A. S.

THE BIRTHDAY OF TOC H

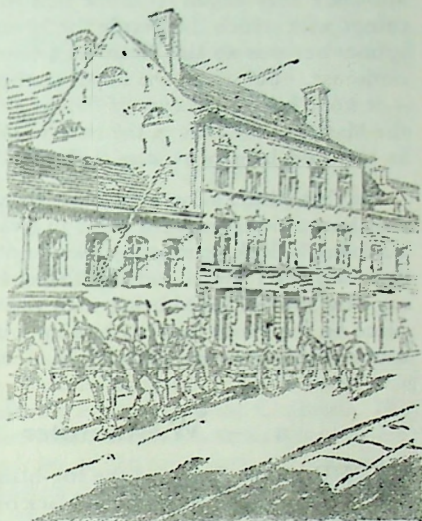
Prologue

ON a winter day, just over twelve years ago, two men were walking together across a cobbled Square. The Square was very large and ran away into five narrow streets at its corners: the plan of it was like the palm of a dirty hand with deformed fingers. All the houses round the Square were dull to look at and many of them clearly damaged: the town in itself seemed less interesting than almost any a man can call to mind.* But the streets were amazingly full of life, and if men's clothes were monotonously alike in cut and colour, their faces expressed every variety of mood, between the extremes of boredom and of gaiety. And so, in spite of the sticky mud underfoot, the muddy sky overhead and the mud-coloured dress of nearly all the visible inhabitants, the town was full of interest and significance at every turn. Over all the chatter of voices and the rattle of heavy wheels on the cobble-stones one sound, blown on an East wind, dominated everything. It was intermittent and only occasionally very loud—the rumbling to and fro of a distant thunder-storm. It had rumbled over the town thus, without real cessation, day and night for more than a year; and it was to go on rumbling for nearly three years more—to culminate in a fierce and destructive tornado before it finally receded into silence—let us hope, for ever.

The two men, except in dress, were as unlike as could be. Seen from the front they were clearly Army chaplains; seen from behind they resembled nobody so much as those bygone newspaper heroes, Mutt and Jeff. For one stood six-foot five (not counting his field-boots), while the other, reversing Euclid, had "breadth and thickness but no length" to speak of. The first had lately been Chaplain of Balliol College, was now Senior Chaplain of the 6th Division, was soon to become A.C.G. of Fifth Army, and is now Bishop of Pretoria; the other had been a curate at Portsea, was at this time padre (quaintly designated "fourth class" in official lists) to an Infantry Brigade of Buffs and Bedford's, and was destined to remain for life in the job which he was, on that very winter day, about to take in hand.

Thus together Neville (Talbot) and "Tubby" (Clayton) crossed the Square of Poperinghe and, turning for a couple of hundred yards up one of the streets, halted before a tall white House on the right-hand side. They were armed with an invaluable chit from the Town Major and with certain simple but determined ideas. Their immediate object was to open a "recreation room for the troops," but from the very outset it wore a special character in their minds: it was to be (and indeed became) "Everyman's Club." What it was eventually to become they cannot, on that winter day, have had any inkling whatsoever. Nor can they—or any man—yet say,

*The latest English guide-book devotes this one paragraph to it:—"Running almost due West (from Ypres) is the road to POPERINGHE, a small town about 6½ miles distant, during the War a chief depot for stores and a resting-place for wounded. Here, in a large white house in the Rue de l'Hopital, was established 'Everyman's Club' (Talbot House, or more familiarly 'Toc H'), which gave to all an invitation which some half a million accepted and was the first home of a fast-growing organisation. Although many of the inhabitants remained, the place was subjected to spasmodic shellfire almost throughout the War." (*Handbook to Belgium and the Battlefields*. Ward Lock & Co., p. 96.)



for the infant idea for which they were that day finding a cradle, still enjoys the liveliest pleasures and pains of growing up. The history of that heroic infancy, subsisting on the very verge of destruction and devilry but surrounded by so much love and nurtured in the bosom of so much sacrifice, is written in a book called *Tales of Talbot House*: the story of the growing years is to be read best in the lives, the thoughts and actions, of many men now scattered right round the world.

The door was opened to admit the two men. Their host, M. Coevoet Camerlynck, received them, and after certain business (excessively polite and confusing by reason of a foreign language) had been discussed, the *roles* were reversed—the host stood on the wrong side of his own threshold and the two men in the doorway were saying goodbye to him with a heartiness difficult to conceal. They took triumphant possession—but not alone. A little army of eager volunteers—sappers, privates of the Bedfords and the Queen's Westminsters—undertook to make ready the cradle for the infant idea. They furnished it as fitly as the circumstances of time and place allowed; they began from the first to bring their own gifts of affection to it. Among all the things with which they made the House ready none may have looked, at first glance, so incongruous but was so significant as a battered carpenter's bench which they happened upon in an outhouse. Set up on the upper landing—and a little later in the Upper Room, the big hop-loft—it stood before the eyes of thousands as the actual work-bench of Him who was from the first the Master of the House, the Host of all who came, the Head of a countless family. The House, as one said later of it, was "God's show." And that—under new guises—it still remains.

On that winter's day, now more than twelve years ago, the cradle was found. It was a House that human love built for Love to live in and work His Divine Ways. And that day was a true Birthday, which increasing thousands, as the years pass, remember joyfully and thankfully. Just two years later a guest of Talbot House (himself a Talbot) wrote on leaving it, "I want to say how much I loved being with you at Pop. and breathing the air of Talbot House—the only place on the Front that has kinship with Bethlehem." He is not alone in daring to see there a touch of the greatest Birthday of all times.

1.—Westminster Abbey: December 3, 1927

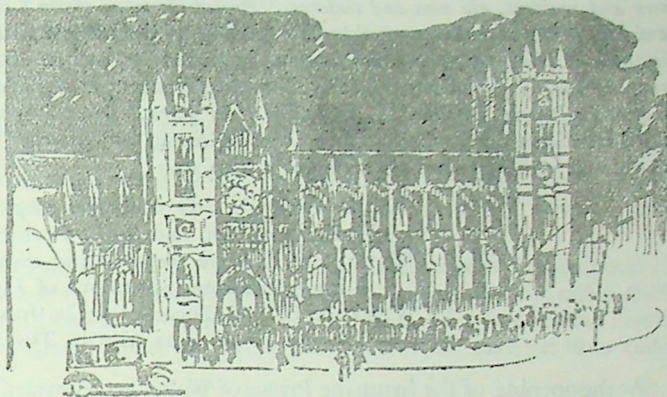
THE brown fringe of the fog-blanket had hung high over London all the afternoon, and after sunset it was pitch-black overhead, but happily in the wet streets below "visibility" was good. The approaches to the Abbey were thronged long before the doors opened; members hurried in and out of the archway of Dean's Yard; stood in animated groups in Broad Sanctuary; called to one another in half the dialects of England up and down the two-deep column which formed itself along the railings of the Abbey's West end. Passengers stood up on the tops of passing 'buses in Victoria Street, and policemen hovered good-naturedly—as passengers and policemen do whenever there is a wedding at St. Margaret's—but this was a crowd not only larger, but more restless, more eager, more full of purpose than any which stands in the hope of catching one glimpse of a bride. It was the family of Toc H (or a representative slice of it) in festival mood—a mood which to the members is a joyfully foregone conclusion each December, but which respectable home-going citizens still come upon as something unusual, entertaining, even infectious. The doors opened, and the great congregation began to move steadily into the Abbey from three sides at once—from the West, the North Transept and Poets' Corner—while overhead the bells broke out into that masterful joy which overpowers the roar of traffic and seems to set the whole sky swinging.

Meanwhile, in the deeply shadowed cluster of buildings which make up the ancient conventual properties of the Abbey and Westminster School, two other assemblies of a special kind were

taking place. In the Norman Undercroft behind the Cloisters the Padres of Toc H were putting on "academic dress," as they had been bidden to do. This dress order was more liberally interpreted than ever, surely, in the Abbey's long history, for silk gown and crimson hood was preparing to march in procession alongside blue blazer and "nether continuations of grey flannel"—the full dress of a Toc H Padre "on active service."

A little further in the maze of buildings the Banner-bearers of Branches and Groups had their place of assembly. In the language of the Westminster boy, this was "up School"—in the magnificent ancient hall approached from Little Dean's Yard by a flight of stone steps. Three hundred black poles with gilded spikes (let us frankly thank Mark II hostellers for weeks of

real team work on that painting and gilding) were being distributed by busy stewards to all comers, until at last the hall was filled from end to end with a close forest of shifting banners, a forest brightly flowered on a black background. A final touch of colour was added when Doctor Jocelyn Perkins, marshal of all processions which take place in the Abbey, stepped on to the platform at the far end in his scarlet cassock to address "the troops," who received



his careful instructions, touched with strokes of humour, with laughter and applause. The procession formed in two columns, one destined for the North aisle, the other for the South, and began to file down the steps into the open, and then under the archway into the Cloisters. This preliminary march of the Banner-bearers, seen by very few onlookers, was a strikingly beautiful spectacle. On and on they came, out of the immense shadows of the arch, into the occasional light of lamps here and there in the Cloisters, their changing heraldry and gleam of gold and flutter of orange silk banner-linings half hiding eager and familiar faces. Their tramp and shuffle on the stone flags filled all that quiet place; their passing shadow still further fretted the carved and crumbled walls. They were "like an army"—not "terrible," but joyful "with banners."

Thus into the Abbey itself. Brilliant light fell over the expectant Family, closely seated, or, here and there, standing (for the permissible seating of the Abbey fell far short of the worshippers). Beyond the Screen this light found its climax in the Sanctuary, where the great altar with its golden ornaments, its embroidery and the wonderful intricacy of its gilded reredos gleamed and dazzled in the light of many candles. Out of this lower area flooded with light—and it was indeed lofty enough to fill the height of an ordinary church—there soared the huge clusters of columns bearing the vault overhead; columns like age-old trees, with their feet in a golden glow and the spreading crown of their stone branches almost lost to men's eyes in the upper twilight.

The Banner-bearers were in their places, standing in close ranks at the West end, behind the Unknown Warrior's grave. The Toc H Padres, in procession more than a hundred strong, with Tubby in the last rank, had marched up through nave and choir to their place under the "Lantern" at the foot of the Sanctuary steps; the Mayor of Westminster, wearing his chain, had been bowed into his particular stall by a verger with a silver mace; the congregation had

stood at each of these entries, and seated itself again with a sound like a long wave breaking. Many faces well known in the Family confronted each other from opposite sides of transepts and choir and nave; in the time of waiting, long as it seemed, who shall say what was passing in their minds? If we dare single out one man, let it be "Dick" Sheppard, so very specially welcome among us again after long illness; if we dare guess his thoughts from looking at his face, they were not only of the thing now visibly done, but of things possible to be done, a vision of what such a body of youth might some day accomplish in God's own time.

The organ was triumphing with the music of the Toc H "*Masque*"—now the Crusader's psalm, "*Praise the Lord upon earth, ye dragons and all deeps, fire and hail, snow and vapours, wind and storm fulfilling His word; Kings of the earth and all people, Princes and all judges of the world, young men and maidens, old men and children. Praise the name of the Lord, for His name only is excellent and His praise above heaven and earth*"—rising to the utmost climax of sound in "*He shall exalt the horn of His people; all His saints shall praise Him, even the children of Israel, even the people that serveth Him.*" And then the early Christians' song, "*Hail, joyful Light, O Glory of the everlasting Father in Heaven, holy, beloved Jesu Christ our Lord,*" spreading slowly, as the morning comes, until it caught fire in Christopher Ogle's glorious tune to the "*Hymn of Light.*" At this the choir and congregation rose and began to sing:

Hail, joyful Light! O worship and praise
 Father and Son and Spirit Divine . . .
 High over all, Love sceptred and crowned,
 King everlasting, Splendour of Light!
 When we behold Thee, let us be found
 Worthy to shine as stars in Thy sight.

At the opening of the hymn the Prince of Wales, accompanied only by the Dean, the Receiver of the Abbey in lawyer's wig and gown, and two Toc H members—Godfrey Thomas and David Boyle—began to walk up through the singing crowd; at the last verse he took his place in a stall just inside the Screen—with so little ceremony that many in the seats beyond were not at first aware of his coming. Westminster Abbey, we may safely suppose, had never before received the Heir to the Throne dressed in a blue blazer, a soft collar and grey flannel trousers. This is the sort of fact out of which the good journalist knows he can make copy acceptable to the general public; within the Family of Toc H no other dress or manner of approach could have seemed so natural and so entirely fitting.

The service began. "It was all dreadfully unliturgical," said a Church paper afterwards, "but it was splendidly alive." And, indeed, both these characteristics—they are familiar in Toc H—were expressed from the start. The Precentor (Rev. L. H. Nixon) standing on the Sanctuary steps, in a tremendous cope of cloth of gold and surrounded by attendants in flowing white albs with "apparels" of blue and gold, spoke the first phrases of the prayer, bidding us to "remember His mercy and truth touching this House so wonderfully made." He was answered by Tubby, who stood in the ranks of the Padres below him, not even robed in a surplice. Tubby's voice, speaking with most deliberate emphasis, rang through every part of the Abbey and was clearly heard at the far West end. He acted as "spokesman for the Foundation Members":—

"Once we were many; then were we few; then again were we many, now become a multitude; but of the first few, how few we are who still remain; and of that few, some now grow old, and some are but now gone to be with Him. Yet this is our witness; that once, in the wilderness of war, He prepared a table and a place of joyful gladness for the true-hearted. There, half-forgotten friends walked once again with their forgotten Master; and, above the tumult of death, overheard a nobler music for the lives of men."

In answer came a low murmur from the "few"—the members of 1915-1919: "Thus far our witness." And then the loud and confident affirmation of the rest of the Family, the post-war Membership, broke in from every side: "And we know your witness is true."

The members of "1920—?" (as they were described in the unconventional rubric) followed on:—

"Hear now our part. The Spring whereat they drank has now become a wide river, gathering from East and West, and stretching well nigh from sea to sea. We also, in our day, would learn to face trial with exaltation; hate with love; our passions with His most Holy Passion. We, too, would learn the stern and simple way of attaining unto Him, who dwells in stillness at the heart of energy."

And again all answered with a deep volume of voices:

"Wherefore we who are thus gathered together, high and low, rich and poor, one with another, would now compass ourselves about with songs of deliverance, and so pray that, by the mercy of the Most High, out of weakness we may be made strong."

After the Lord's Prayer and some versicles and responses (V. "Courage, and let us go up": R. "To the mountain of the Lord." . . . V. "O make us free from softness": R. "And yet on fire with Love" . . .) and the singing of the Bunyan-Tubby hymn, "Let the most blessed be our guide," the Family stood to make response in *A Canticle of Praise*. They offered their thanksgiving—

"For the dangers so wonderfully averted, for the mistakes so wonderfully made good . . . for Padres and Pilots, Jobmasters, Secretaries and Wardens . . . for house and office staffs, both young and old; for paid and unpaid helpers . . . for all men and women in the Family of Toc H, who, bearing no special office, and having no special skill, have yet been called to be His fellow-workers."

The ceremony which followed never loses its meaning, though repeated among us year after year. No words are spoken and its action is of a most solemn simplicity. While the congregation sang, without interruption, the Festival Hymn, "Come, kindred, upstand in the valour of Jesus," the Prince of Wales left his place and walked up to the Sanctuary steps, whither Tubby came out to meet him. He was followed, at a short interval, by three members, representative of Johannesburg and Rugby branches and of Melton Mowbray Group, who marched in slow time right up the nave and choir. Taking from Tubby's hands three weatherworn wooden crosses, which once marked the graves of unknown soldiers in the Salient, the Prince entrusted them to the three men who will see them honourably bestowed in the Toc H Chapels, set up during the year, in their own places. All the actors in this most quiet and moving scene then returned to their stations; the three crosses were laid beside the Unknown Warrior's Grave until the service should be finished. And the hymn came to its fitting close:

We are debtors to them, who with Lamps ever burning

Foregather this instant in heed to His call.

Re-union they bought us by never returning,

And, homeless, they builded a House for us all.

The Dean of Westminster was already standing at the lectern. The lesson which he read has been unvaried since the first Birthday Festival of Toc H was held—the story of the House built upon a Rock (St. Matthew vii., 24-29). As was most right, the Family then knelt to offer a *Little Litany of Right Purpose* for the building of their House:

"Let it stand, Lord, as a House of Witness for the truth, a place wherein Thou mayest be found . . . all beautiful by the faithful following of Thy laws, arrayed in health

and happiness, bold in design and prudent in right order. . . . Let it stand ever at the heart of life ; unavoidable in the full tide of noonday ; midst where life runs strongest ; that those who see it may thank Thee and take courage."

The congregation supported these, and other, petitions with the words " So help us, Lord, to build it " ; and then, " mindful of many brethren in distant lands, who keep festival with us to-night," they prayed that

" The friendships formed between us here in Toc H may neither through sin be broken, nor hereafter through worldly cares be forgotten ; but that, bound together across the world by the unseen chain of Thy love, we may be drawn nearer to Thee and nearer to each other."

When they rose to their feet it was for a long spell of singing and of moving pageantry. While the Birthday Hymn—

Out of many into One
Are we fashioned this night,

went forward to the great measured music of *Aberystwyth*, fifty London members were taking the Offertory, to be divided (as always) between the immediate expenses of the service and the work of Neville Talbot's diocese of Pretoria. But before this company of collectors marched up the aisle, other bodies of men were in motion. The close pack of 250 banners at the West door had opened out, and in single file was advancing simultaneously up the North and the South aisles ; at the crossing of the Transepts the leading men of the two files turned inwards and halted, facing each other. Nave and choir were thus surrounded by a hedge of banners, swaying as they stood ready. At the same time the little door at the South end of the High Altar opened, and the first instant's flash of colour which it revealed remains unforgettable in the mind of some who were near enough to see its full beauty. First came a tall fair-headed cross-bearer, in long " alb " and blue " apparel," holding the Abbey's immense gold processional cross ; behind him, in shifting candle-light, was seen the gorgeous crimson and gold of the " Coronation " vestments, and the blue and gold folds of the Abbey's three huge banners. As they came forward to the Sanctuary steps, the great company of collectors, mostly in Toc H blazers, marching in perfect time, passed through the Screen and advanced to meet them. The Dean took the alms and turned to dedicate them on the altar ; in the pause the collectors reformed and marched away ; the way was open for the procession to begin. All these movements, thus recorded on paper, may seem trivial things, the mere working of an ecclesiastical machine. There were indeed many present in the congregation to whom such workings are disturbing and distasteful in common worship. And yet there were perhaps few among those members who had a clear view of all this that passed, who did not understand and approve the unbroken beauty of the scene. It fitted the place and the time, the Abbey and the Festival. Unmarred by any haste or hesitation, this combination of the Abbey clergy and our own members in solemn coming and going held its true place in a great " Act of Praise and Purpose."

The procession entered upon its long journey—the " Innocents' Day route," as the Abbey vergers call it for convenience sake. No shorter cut would avail with such numbers on the march, for the head of a procession dare not run the risk of " eating its own tail." (" We don't allow cannibalism in the Abbey," one of the canons had said beforehand.) Cross-bearer and attendants ; the three great Abbey banners of rich embroidery on a blue damask ground ; the choir-boys in scarlet cassock and starched ruff ; the Precentor in shimmering cloth of gold ; the Dean and Canons in those ponderous and magnificent copes of crimson velvet encrusted with huge Tudor roses of gold ; the dozen or more full-time " Association Padres " of Toc H in gowns ; the 250 Banner-bearers of Branches and Groups, and the " Standards "

of ten schools. So it passed by, a long length, moving not slowly, but taking a long time. And as it passed—down the centre and through the midst of the crowded Family, from East to West; up the North aisle; right round the hidden “ambulatory” which encircles the shrine of Edward the Confessor behind the altar; back by the South aisle, westwards again—it joined its singing with the glad voices of everyone in the building, until the high vault above was filled from end to end with waves of sound. First—and fitly—we sang Tubby’s hymn

Bless’d be the day when moved I was
A pilgrim for to be—

And then that old favourite Festival song—

Ye watchers and ye holy ones,
Bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones,
Raise the glad strain, Alleluya!

Two verses were left to the boys’ voices alone; unforgettably pure and clear they sounded through the aisles. At the grave of the Unknown Warrior, that plain black stone to which so many hearts, all over the world, make ceaseless pilgrimage, the head of the procession “made a station”; the column halted, the singing was silenced. A voice intoned the words “Well done, thou good and faithful servant”; voices replied “Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” The voice continued, summoning us all to “remember our Elder Brethren”:

O Thou, Who art Heroic Love, keep alive in our hearts that adventurous spirit which makes men scorn the way of safety, so that Thy will be done. For so only, O Lord, shall we be worthy of those courageous souls who in every age have ventured all in obedience to Thy call, and for whom the trumpets sounded on the other side; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

And as the procession passed forward, returning to its starting point in the East, its goal, the singing rose once more—this time with the words of “Through the night of doubt and sorrow onward goes the pilgrim band,” not to its common threadbare tune but to the great Welsh melody, swinging, rising and falling, of *Hyfrydol*, beloved of Herbert Fleming among others.

With one more rustle, like water or a sudden wind, the Family was on its knees, saying with one voice the Toc H Prayer:

O God, Who hast so wonderfully made Toc H, and set men in it to see their duty as Thy will, teach us to live together in love and joy and peace; to check all bitterness; to disown discouragement; to practise thanksgiving, and to leap with joy to any task for others. Strengthen the good thing thus begun; that with gallant and high-hearted happiness, we may work for Thy kingdom in the wills of men. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The Blessing was said; a pause of silence; the organ began to play; the Prince walked down the standing lines and disappeared through the West door; and the great crowd, so long held in restraint and sometimes so tensely “strung up,” shook itself and began to pour out of doors. The Abbey had put forth its best and its stateliest dignity for them, but the great weight of its age-long prestige, unequalled by any other building for our race, had not overawed them. Rather they had entered in, as by their own right, and made the Abbey for one hour their own “Toc H Chapel.” When the organist, playing his parting voluntary, touched the first notes of “Land of hope and glory,” the members crowding to the doors began to hum the tune aloud; the next minute they were singing the words with a will. That spontaneous, almost laughing, gesture was a crowning touch to be remembered.

Growing up has its penalties as well as its rewards. Never again can the “whole Family of Toc H” be contained in All Hallows for its Thanksgiving—and so never again can it re-

capture in full measure the intimate re-union which the old Church by the Tower makes possible above every other place. "Then were we few"—but "now become a multitude." And for the multitude—2,000 where formerly there stood 200—Westminster Abbey is a most grand place. One member during the week-end recalled to the writer a fanciful scene (it found print in the Toc H Annual Report of 1923, and was the forerunner of the *Masque* of 1925) in which the Family holds its thanksgiving in the year A.D. 2000 in "a vast cathedral"—"I felt that it had come true," he said, "long before you or I expected it."

In Saint Margaret's

When it became quite certain, a few days only before the Festival, that the great Abbey would not contain all who were coming to give thanks, an "overflow" service was hastily considered. There was one obvious place for it, and that place was at once secured by the kindness of Canon Carnegie—the chuch of St. Margaret's, Westminster. Planted on the green beside the Abbey entrance St. Margaret's looks, at first sight, like a miniature church or some little detached chapel of the building behind; and to realise that it is indeed a full-sized parish church which might form the centre and crowning interest of a country town is one way of coming quickly to appreciate the soaring height and great mass of its famous neighbour. There was not time to do more than put a paragraph in the London papers about the "overflow" service, and to give notice to London members and the L.W.H., only a proportion of whom were able to be given tickets for the Abbey. No cards of admission could be distributed, and when the doors opened the hundreds of the Family who flowed in were followed by many members of the general public. The form of service used was, of course, the same, and though the Prince, Tubby and the Abbey procession could clearly not be duplicated, the spirit of thanksgiving was identical, and the full church felt itself to be indeed one with the fuller one a hundred yards away. Gilbert Williams preached to joyful listeners.

From Westminster to Kensington

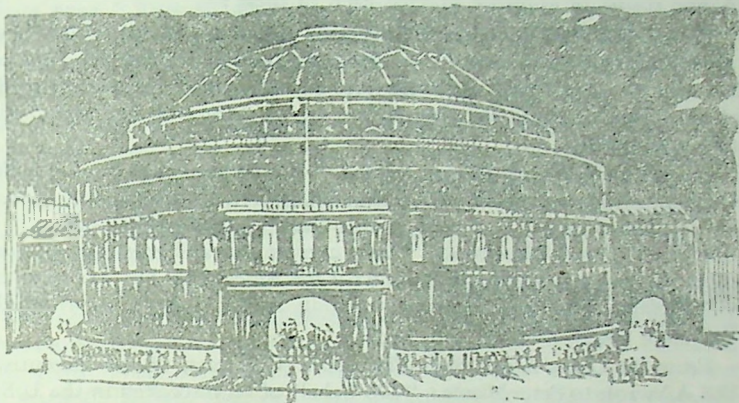
The feeding of some 3,000 members—the congregations of the Abbey and St. Margaret's—and the transport of them three miles from Westminster to Kensington within a bare hour (the Thanksgiving finished at 6.30 and all members were due in their seats at the Albert Hall by 7.45) had presented a problem beforehand to the Birthday Committee: it had been tackled in close detail and was—with possible exceptions not since reported—solved to general satisfaction. The first move was to get the congregation quickly out of Church, the second to get them under cover, with no time lost, in no less than twenty different eating places scattered between Westminster Bridge and Victoria Station. Every member (except the usual number who had lost them or decided to "chance it") had in his pocket a ticket with the name and address of his particular restaurant printed on it and a key map, plainly and emphatically marked "GRUB," to help him find it. To many visitors London is as lucidly planned as the Hampton Court Maze, and the guides and stewards had a bustling quarter of an hour with the stragglers. However, all was well that ended well. To put your head into one or other of these restaurants—whether it held 200 or a closely packed 50—was to breathe the air of a children's Christmas party. The "management," in most cases, caught the infection of the Festival spirit at once: in one restaurant turkey and plum pudding crept into the eighteenpenny menu, and in another (accustomed for the last eighteen months to witness the Toc H Headquarters staff at lunch, and therefore surprised at nothing) a real Birthday cake appeared, with twelve candles lit to take the memory back to 1915. If one man can drink four cups of tea in twelve minutes, how many gallons of tea can 2,312 men and 688 women . . . ?—you can work the simple proportion sum out for yourself.

And then the troops "entrained"—in rapid sequence at three Underground stations at once, and spoilt the illusion that there is no Westbound "rush-hour" on Saturday nights. "De-training" at South Kensington, they were shepherded in to that long subway under Exhibition Road, at the entrance of which a big notice still welcomes the stranger "To the Exhibition" which, in point of fact, closed in the 'ninties. But, at least, the subway is long and broad and well-lighted and possesses a fine echo: it was simply *made* for a broken column of 3,000 men, marching rapidly in fours or sixes, to sing songs in. And that is what they did. Then—up the stairs to the street, swing round the steep corner, and you are at the doors of the Royal Albert Hall.

2.—Guest-Night in the Albert Hall

The Albert Hall, for the purpose of a Toc H Guest-night has various "pros" and "cons." One of its "pros" is that its shape makes the "family circle" complete, for Toc H is never quite itself when sitting in straight rows facing one way. The most serious of its "cons" are

(a) that it is too big, and (b) that it is not big enough. It is too big for shaking hands or even conversing, except in loud shouts, with an old friend "spotted" on the other side of its diameter. As for (b), if the Albert Hall comfortably held the Family in 1925, when 6,000 people were present, it held the extra 1,500 or so of 1927 very uncomfortably indeed. Popular



belief seldom errs more than when estimating the seating capacity of any well-known building: the newspapers frequently describe "the sea of 10,000 faces" in the Albert Hall—but the tide has never risen so high there, because it is impossible. As it was, some 6,000 members and their guests saw and heard comfortably. And some 1,500 heard little and saw very much less. For this "surplus" was thrust up into the circular gallery at the top, which the tickets politely describe as "Promenade"—i.e., all but a couple of hundred were standing the whole evening. Now that the event is over, this "surplus" deserves a word to itself. As the "returns" from Branches and Groups reached the Birthday Committee, rather moderate in numbers at first but rising in a steady *crescendo* (as the coloured "graph" of members applying for tickets showed on the wall of the office from day to day), it became clear that some people must be content with back seats (or none), both in the Abbey and in the Albert Hall. An All-London Conference in October foresaw the possibility that this unspectacular duty might fall to London members. Members from the Provinces could not appreciate the situation on the night, for nothing was said about it publicly then, and very little has been said since, but anyone who visted the Gallery on Saturday knows how great the heat and real discomfort there was. It was a lot to ask of the members up there (among whom were some hundreds of women), and the rest of the Family will not be ungrateful to their London brethren.

Long before the scheduled time the programme—very unofficially—had begun. Branches and Groups, North and South, England or Wales, greeted each other across the gulf, according to their own fashion in wit and language. One side sang "There's a hole in my bucket, Eliza, Eliza!" and received the tempestuous answer from the other side "Then mend it, dear Georgie, dear Georgie, dear Georgie!" through the countless verses of that tragic story. The Band of the Welsh Guards was playing away heartily, but nobody took it very seriously until it stepped unexpectedly into the first bars of "*Rogurum*": Captain Harris turned from his band to conduct the Family, and the Family jumped to it! At 8 o'clock the Bandmaster turned round to conduct again—this time in the National Anthem. The whole audience, on its feet, faced towards a box at the back of the Hall with the Feathers over it: the Prince of Wales, just arrived, saluted again and again to a storm of cheers. And then the programme proper began.

Birthday Greetings Round the World

The "first man in" was the General Secretary. Ronnie Grant (his voice issuing oddly and gigantically from the great cluster of megaphones dangling high above the Arena) gave out several usual notices, and then read Birthday messages from many scattered units of the Family. A fine round of applause greeted each of these:—

From *Australia* Don Cleland (Registrar of Toc H, W.A.) cabled "Fondest Birthday greetings from WESTERN AUSTRALIA"; and from the same State, of which Pat Leonard, on his recent visit, has sent home glowing accounts (see p. 14), came "Happiest Birthday greetings. Renewed cheers. Having heard Pat sing, GUILDFORD's happiness complete," signed by "Pa" Harris, a mining engineer.

From *Canada* Harry Ellison cabled "Whole Canadian family, including some twenty new Groups, with you in spirit. Understand Northern Lights unable face competition! Temperature 17 deg. below zero: feet cold, hands busy"; while *Winnipeg* sent "Birthday greetings from Mark I.C."; and MONTREAL "Please convey love and greetings to everyone." (*Newfoundland's* cable did not reach London in time for the Albert Hall but was received with cheers on Sunday—"Birthday greetings from new Group in Sr. JOHN's, Newfoundland, the oldest Colony. Blessings and inspiration for us all.")

From the *United States*, Seth Pierrepont (Chairman of the Executive Committee of Toc H, U.S.A.) wrote to Peter Monie: "On behalf of all interested in the U.S.A. in Toc H—and there are more and more daily—I send through you to all of our brethren in Toc H, England and elsewhere, heartiest good wishes and greetings on the occasion of the 12th Birthday of Toc H. Would that we might have a representative with you to bring you a cordial handshake from each one of us here, but we are all too busy trying to build Toc H, U.S.A. Hence we can but send the message, from affectionate hearts, that we are with you in spirit and are plodding on, making progress slowly and trying 'to build bravely.' With heartiest congratulations to all." WASHINGTON cabled "All here joining in proud thanksgiving and resolve, deeply conscious of 'unseen chain,' unheard harmonies, and undimmed Light"; and from PHILADELPHIA came "Birthday greetings from Philadelphia Groups."

From *South America* came "Birthday greetings—ARGENTINA" (handed in at Buenos Aires).

From *Egypt* came "Greetings from ALEXANDRIA Group Toc H. Sorry unable to attend—Walter T. Boots"; and from a single member in the outpost of *Ascension Island*, 1,000 miles from the West African coast, Tubby received "Best wishes—Row."

From *India* the Toc H Council for India cabled "All good wishes to the Albert Hall gathering and a blessing on Sunday's deliberations. Encouraging progress has been made in India during past year and, God helping, we look for steady further advance during 1928"; other Indian cables were "CALCUTTA Groups send heartiest Birthday greetings and their best wishes for

continued success in the future"; "Greetings! We are with the family to-night—BOMBAY"; and "Birthday greetings from CAWNPORE Group."

Both Toc H units in *Ceylon* spoke: from the first Branch, receiving its Lamp that night, came "All best wishes and Birthday greetings from the youngest pup. May we grow well and truly as the old dog did before us! Tails up, ears erect!—COLOMBO Branch"; and there were "Greetings from KANDY Group."

South Africa, receiving Lamps for five new Branches, sent several cables—"Birthday greetings from EASTERN PROVINCE, South Africa" was handed in at St. Matthews, the post town of Bert Oldfield, pioneer of Toc H in South Africa; and from ALICE (whose new Lamp Bert himself carried at the Albert Hall that night) came "Alice sends greetings and best wishes for the Birthday Festival. Kindest regards to Bert." From BLOEMFONTEIN came "Toujours Toc H!" (an allusion of course, to Tubby's verses in the *OCTOBER JOURNAL*); and GRAHAMSTOWN, cabling from their own local Festival, quoted from the words of "The spirit of Light" in the *Toc H Masque*:

"Stretch we our hands to touch a thousand hands.

Of those who call us friend throughout the world."

From the Transvaal there were "Birthday greetings and good wishes from PRETORIA"; from Natal came "DURBAN Branch and surrounding Groups send greetings. Cheerio!"; and from Griqualand West the message "Rejoice progress Toc H. Celebrating Festival locally. Greetings to all especially Ellison and Williams. Awaiting Tubby—KIMBERLEY Group."

Some Branches and Groups *At Home* sent messages, as well as representatives, to the Festival:—"Convey heartiest greetings ABERDEEN Group to Festival"; "Adest KNUTSFORD, 'standing to' here, with Lamp burning. Loving greetings from K."; "Hearty greetings from all those left behind at ST. HELENS"; "Many happy returns from all on duty at CATTERICK Camp"; "All good wishes—CARLISLE Group"; "Birthday greetings from CLACTON-ON-SEA stay-at-homes"; "Many happy returns from BELGRAVE."

There were also many messages from *Individual* members. Among absent members of the Central Executive LORD FORSTER (Chairman) wired from Pau: "Many happy returns and best wishes"; Sir ION HAMILTON BENN cabled from New York "Happy re-union"; Padre BATESON, still suffering from illness, wired "Very sorry can't come Festival. Am with you in heart and intercession." H. C. LACK ("Bishop," late of Loughborough) sent a post-card from the Roumanian mining town of Moreni: "Hands across Europe to Toc H on its Birthday! May 'the good thing thus begun' ripple out across the world with its message of love and service!"; E. J. W. FERGUSON cabled from the Universities Mission station at Likoma on Lake Nyassa his "greetings and love to the London Birthday of Toc H." And there were Birthday greetings from Lord SALISBURY (Trustee); Dr. J. H. RITSON (a President); Lord CAVAN, Sir FREDERICK MILNER, W. HAMILTON Fyffe, of Christ's Hospital (Vice-Presidents); Lord DESBOROUGH (Donor of the Grenfell Lamp to Worthing), Sir JOHN HANHAM, Lt.-General Sir AYLMER HUNTER-WESTON, the Hon. HENRY LITTLETON, Capt. IAN FRASER, of St. Dunstan's, ANGUS WATSON, of Newcastle, J. E. LIMMER, of Christ's Hospital, and others.

The programme proper then began. The long-needed *Toc H Song Book* made its first appearance that night and was eagerly bought, for 135 of the best songs (including the special songs and hymns of Toc H), with music, is not to be counted bad value. The Albert Hall, notwithstanding various recent experiments in "community singing," cannot be called an ideal place for this pastime—it would, indeed, be hard to think of any building more difficult. The conductor can only be seen and heard with close attention, and voices over so great an area cannot keep time. Major Bavin, a welcome guest already of Branches and Groups in various parts of the country, took off his coat (in response to loud shouts) and "got down to it": the family of Toc H

let itself, more or less, go in *Ilkley Moor*, *Bobby Shafto*, *Three Blind Mice* (with much mixed matter among them) and *Billy Boy*. Mr. Harold Williams—stripping off a dress coat and exposing an expanse of white shirt and waistcoat which roused delighted cheers—led the lovely *Sbanandoab* with his lovely voice. There were encores, and the first paragraph, so to speak, of the programme ended—but not before Tubby, his arm in a sling with most painful neuritis, had led the family in *Rogorum*, the oldest song in Talbot House (“that disgraceful ditty,” as Tubby called it that night) :—

Now there was a poor man, and he lived in Jerusal-e-um,
Glory-alley-belurium, O Rogorum !

The Prince's Speech

The Patron of Toc H was already sitting on the platform, his hands clasped behind his head, before the singing finished. He was greeted by a fresh tempest of cheers as he came forward to speak. At a Toc H gathering the Prince of Wales is, before everything, a member of the Toc H family. But this time—as his fellow members were soon to divine—he was to address a vastly larger audience even than those seated visibly before him. A speech broadcast by wireless (who knows how far away, or in what countries some of his eager listeners sat ?) cannot have quite the intimate touch which has been such a delight at previous Birthdays of Toc H. In 1927 he was undertaking, in his speech, a real “job,” as Toc H understands that word : he was firing the first shot in what must be an arduous campaign of vital concern to every member of the Movement, and even—we should like, without presumption, to think—to more than our own country.

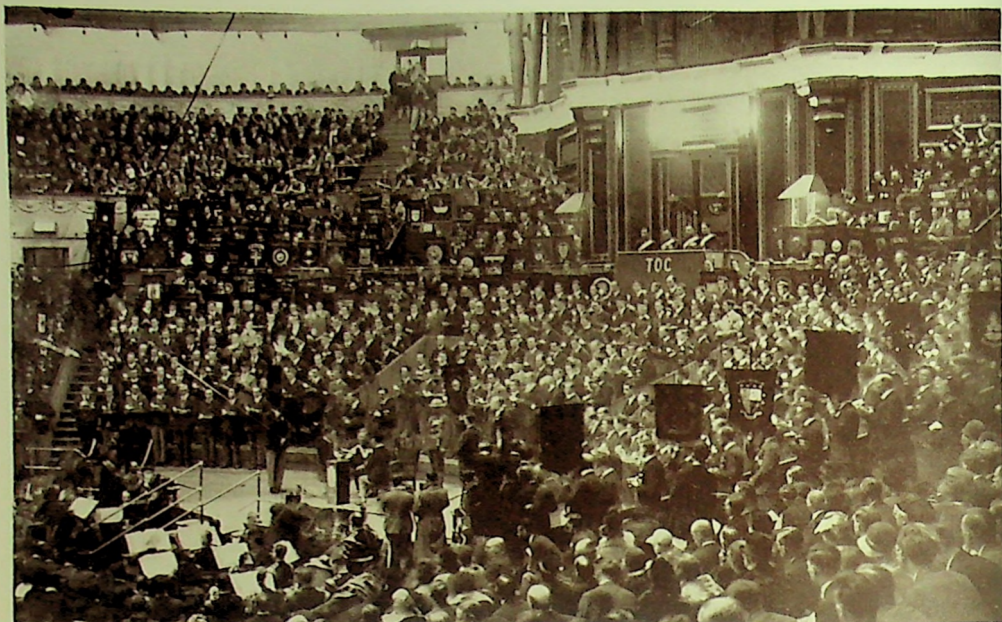
“The spirit of Toc H,” he said, “is deeds, not words. As I have been asked to say a few words, and as I feel that they should point to action, it is to action that I would call Toc H to-night. Let us for a minute review the last twelve years since that drab December day when Talbot House opened its doors for the first time to soldiers in Poperinghe. Those of us members who, because of our age, fought in the Great War, saw Talbot House, a war baby, born ; but the majority among us, because they were too young, only saw the birth of Toc H as a peace-time baby. But although of necessity we are divided into those two categories, all of us have seen Toc H grow, and as members of Toc H we unite the older generation and the younger generation in the new spirit of service.

“What exactly is Toc H ? It is a power for good. It teaches thousands to do good with their lives. Each member pays his way in proportion to his means, but above all, he tries to perform a spare-time job of citizenship—such as organising Scouts, camps and many other things. Now all of us have a fine work, but we cannot allow it to be strangled or to leave it unfinished or insecure. It is a power for good, but we must make it a permanent one ; and to this end a scheme for the extension and consolidation of Toc H has been explored and adopted. This scheme is the creation of an Endowment Fund in 1928, the tenth year from the Armistice. This is a big task, but it is one in which I want to-night to enlist my hearers, both those seen and unseen, because I want them to help to create this Endowment Fund.

“No one has more experience of appeals than I have. (*Laughter.*) I don't want you to think I am boasting, but no one has to ask more on behalf of good causes than I have to do. So I can claim to know what the demand and the strain are nowadays on the cheque-books of the generous. But I am undaunted—and am going to ask again. (*Cheers.*) Toc H, as we know, is a big organisation, and big organisations need leadership. Toc H has many Branches, and to these Branches belong thousands of members. A general



ABOVE—Left: Florentine lamp from which H.R.H. the Patron lit "The Prince's Lamp" for the first time in 1922. Centre: A Lamp of Maintenance. Right: A Rushlight. (Photo: L.N.A.)
BELOW—The Banners leaving Westminster School Hall for the Abbey. (Photo: "Daily Chronicle.")



[Photo : Quick Pictures.]

The Lamp Lighting

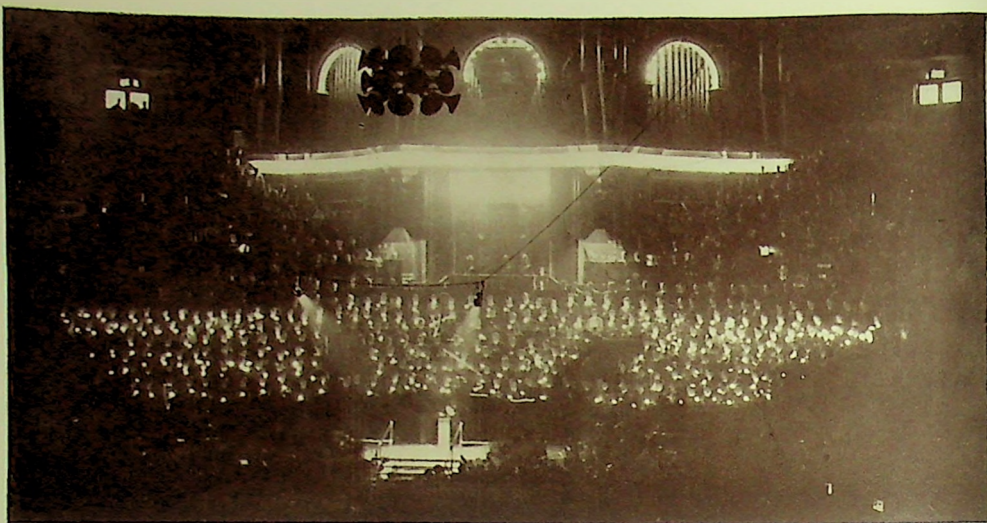
"From left and right of the scene the bearers of the new Lamps, each 'supported' by his Banner-bearer, advance simultaneously in pairs"—p. 35. (Some of these Banners are seen on the right of the picture, going down to the platform.)



Photo : Central News.]

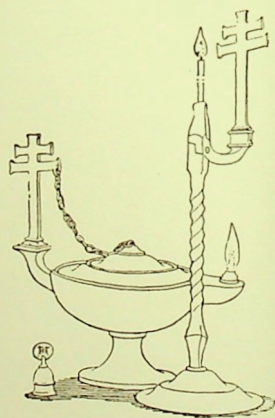
The Lamp Lighting

" . . . reaching the Prince, who sits awaiting them in the centre, they halt ; the bearer drops on one knee, holding his Lamp out for the Prince to touch it with his taper into flame, the Banner remains, held high, behind "—p. 35.



[Photo : Quick Pictures.]

"All light was now concentrated on the platform—from the brilliant crown round the organ and from two small, but intensely bright, lamps which shone down upon the chief altars on the stage in the middle, and from the semicircle of Lamps and Rushlights themselves"—p. 36.



staff of leaders must be formed to supervise the voluntary services of members. In these days it is not possible to get suitable men who should constitute this general staff of Toc H, unless you can attract them with something very definite. They absolutely must be whole-time jobs, and you cannot expect to get the right man and get the best out of him unless that man is relieved from financial anxiety of daily life. What is needed is a fund capable of producing an annual income of £10,000 to maintain not less than twenty really good whole-time men as Toc H leaders. A fund is also needed for capital outlay and additional Houses to serve as rallying points for members and as radiating centres for their work. A sum of £250,000 will secure Toc H for all time as a living memorial. Is it too much to ask that this sum may be forthcoming before we meet again at our next Birthday Festival? I have known Toc H from its earliest days, and I have watched Toc H with hope through all its most difficult days. If it is going to be the big thing that we expect, it must never lose its first and truest spirit—the spirit of manliness and cheerfulness. Toc H also has depth. That depth must not grow shallow. Do not let your lights burn low. That light is sorely needed; never more than now.”

When the cheering, which again broke out, had ended, the family, with the help of Mr. Harold Williams, tackled more songs—this time of a less boisterous kind, such as the unfading old English favourite, *Drink to me only with thine eyes*, and the Negro “spiritual” *Swing low, sweet chariot*. And so we reached “half time.”

The Lamp Lighting

The interval of (a loose) fifteen minutes was a scene of joyful pandemonium in the hall and its maze of corridors. Before it began over 400 members had filed out of their seats—in strict rotation, under the guidance of stewards—to prepare themselves as the actors in the second part of the programme. They had passed, single file and in due order, through double doors into a large room and, by other double doors, out of it again. In passing each “Light Bearer” among them had received his Lamp or Rushlight* (well trimmed and prepared for him by a body of “Lamp stewards” who had been working hard all the evening for this moment) and each “Banner Bearer” a pole on which to hang the Banner of his Branch or Group. The procession formed two deep—Lights and Banners in pairs alternately—in the long Balcony corridor: its head reached down the stairs and into the corridor at the bottom before its tail had left the upper place of assembly.

Then the bugles of the Guards were heard sounding “Fall in!”: the audience scampered back to its seats—perhaps at this familiar call some of the “old sweats” found themselves moving more by instinct than design! As the band struck up the most moving *Londonderry Air* the family rose to its feet and began to sing Cyril Alington’s words, known among us as “*The Inheritance*.” At the same time a little group of members in procession appeared at the centre doors, began to descend the long flight of steps through the stalls into the Arena and to march, in regular, slow time, towards the distant platform. In the centre marched “the Gen.” according to the established custom of Birthdays, in service kit and wearing a “tin hat” (no wonder a newspaper correspondent next day described him as “a smart young soldier”!) He bore in his hands, lighted, the silver Lamp of Maintenance, “parent” of all other Toc H Lamps in the world, which the Prince himself gave at the beginning “in memory of his friends”;

* See note at the head of the article *Eavesdropping* on p. 6. The lighted windows of the “large room” at the Albert Hall may be seen over the main entrance in the sketch on p. 29.

† Pte. Arthur Pettifer, M.M., The Buffs, nicknamed (first by Belgian children) “The General,” Tubby’s old batman in Flanders, major-domo of Talbot House, Poperinghe, and later of Mark I, London. Now still on constant duty at Tubby’s side. He is a Vice-President of Toc H.

on this night only of the year it leaves its place in the shining casket at All Hallows Church, where it burns perpetually in symbol of the Light which Toc H is pledged by brotherly service to maintain. Before and behind him marched a pair of members in the "uniform" of Toc H blazers, guarding, like a "colour party" the Prince's Lamp.

All the while the singing went forward—"They trusted God. . . . And in that faith they died." With the second verse—"They trusted England"—this little procession had reached the middle of the Arena, and the head of another and greatly longer procession appeared at the entrance doors and began to follow on. It was guided by the Double Cross of Ypres at the tip of a staff: it consisted of the Bearers of Lamps, Rushlights, Banners and the wooden "Standards" (ten in number—for their attendance is a most difficult matter in term-time) of some Schools. On and on—and on it came, a slow-swaying forest of colour which half hid those who moved it—as though once more "Birnam Wood doth come to Dunsinane." Each year, as every onlooker has a right to expect, the procession grows much longer, but every year even those who best know the Secretaries' List (see pp. 53-64) catch their breath at last as they wait for it to finish. The Banners, blazoned on a uniform black ground with an immense variety of coloured device, speak not only for towns and villages from all the length and breadth of England, for Scotland, Ireland and Wales, but for Dominions and Colonies, for the United States and the Argentine. This procession is in itself beautiful as a "spectacle," but its meaning is tremendous to anyone who, having intimate knowledge of how true Branches and Groups live and work, can picture behind each Lamp or Rushlight, or golden name on a banner, a closely knit family of members "on active service" for their neighbours and the Master of men.

Now the first pregnant song was ending:—

And as they trusted: we the task inherit,
The unfinished task for which their lives were spent;
But leaving us a portion of their spirit,
They gave their witness and they died content.
Full well they knew they could not build without us
That better country, faint and far descried,
God's own true England: but they did not doubt us—
And in that faith they died.

And then a new music began, the great old tune of *John Brown's Body*, hammered out in a steady, tramping time to the words of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*—"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." Both the experience of the "Foundation Members" of Talbot House and the aspiration of their successors is reflected in these verses, sung with so enormous a body of sound:—

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps—
His day is marching on.
. . . As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free,
While God is marching on.

To the sound of this "Glory, glory, Alleluia!" the procession had mounted the platform and spread, upwards and fan-wise, to right and left, until all the tiers of the orchestra were full with closely massed men—behind stood the ranks of Banners, and in front, and below them, the Light Bearers. The Prince's Lamp, the only one lit as yet, stood on its pedestal (blazoned with the Feathers and their motto—what more fitting on this night?—of *Ich dien*) in the centre of the living semi-circle. The stage was set.

" The Prince was already there (he " came on " from behind) and took his seat behind his own Lamp, facing the audience ; he kindled a taper at his Lamp and passed the flame on to the tapers of four members on his right and left ; these taper-bearers handed their light to the standing ranks behind, and points of flame sprang up on Lamp and Rushlight all along the line. While the stage was thus flowering out into stars of light, the ceremony to which, year by year, those specially concerned look forward with so much eagerness and pride, began to take place. This is the solemn lighting, for the first time, of the Lamps of the new Branches—the Groups which have won this coveted status since the last Birthday Festival.* From the first it has been performed personally by the Prince of Wales, with his own Lamp as the source of the new lights. And from the first the simple and stately manner of it has been the same. From left and right of the scene the bearers of the new Lamps, each " supported " by his Banner-bearer a pace or two in rear, advance simultaneously in pairs ; reaching the Prince, who sits waiting them in the centre, they halt ; the bearer drops on one knee, holding his Lamp out for the Prince to touch it with his taper into flame, the Banner remains, held high, behind ; slowly the pair of Lamp-bearers rise and, with their Banner-bearers, bow, and passing to the back of the platform to give place to the next pair. There was a great hush over the spectators ; the band played (with real understanding) continuous soft music. It is the Prince's custom to say something to each bearer as he lights his Lamp—a few words inaudible except to those standing very near, a quick question, a word of encouragement if—as sometimes—the bearer is made awkward through the loss of an arm or cannot kneel because of an old leg-wound. Now and then it is something that makes both himself and the bearer smile frankly into each other's faces—for it is an essential quality of deeply solemn moments in Toc H that joy is below the surface and easily breaks through. This is but an instance of a characteristic, which—however natural to members of " the family "—has often been remarked by strangers in Toc H. The grave and the gay may be found hand in hand in any place and all the days of the week—because life is one, and laughter and tears are both of God. And so, without any straining of mood or word of command, grave and gay often succeed each other with the sheerest abruptness on a Toc H evening : the " ragging " before a meeting plunges almost straight into the silence of the ceremony of " Light," and at the end prayers are not found less real because they follow hard upon a boisterous sing-song. This alternation had already manifested itself in the evening's programme. As a newspaper said next day, " After the interval, when the ceremony of lighting the Lamps of Maintenance began, all the merriment that had hitherto reigned, subsided into a solemn silence ; the vast arena which, but a few moments before, had reverberated with shouts of greeting and banter, became suddenly invested with an unearthly stillness." It was therefore not strange that the bearers of new Lamps advanced to meet this historic moment in the history of their Branch both with the greatest dignity of movement of which they were capable, and with a happy elation visible on their faces.

The Lamps of 1927

The Lamps lit that night were destined for thirty-two places which in themselves provide a rich variety of conditions for Toc H fellowship and service. Each Lamp has, or will receive, a memorial dedication which, week by week as it is lit for the regular Branch meeting, shall keep alive in the minds of members present and to come the remembrance of some who have gone before them with honour in their pilgrimage. Precedence was given to the new Lamps for overseas Branches—New Zealand (*Auckland*), India (*Madras, Calcutta and Bombay*), Ceylon (*Colombo*), South Africa (*Durban, Grahamstown, Johannesburg Central, Yeoville, Alice and Bloem-*

* Toc H Australia, an independent, self-governing society, now lights its own Lamps, but the source of their light in every case is the " parent " Lamp which Lord Forster gave, when Governor-General of the Commonwealth, in memory of two sons fallen on active service, and which he bore himself when the Prince first lighted it in 1925 at the Albert Hall.

fontein). Two of these only had received their memorial dedications—*Colombo* to “MURRAY CHAMBERLAIN GERVASE MATHEW, Lt., 28th Punjabs (attached 14th Sikhs). Died of wounds received in the Dardanelles 4.7.1915; and of HELEN MARJORIE MATHEW, Sister, T.F. Nursing Service, who died 16.7.1923 of the effects of illness contracted on active service”; and *Alice* (Eastern Province) to four South African soldiers—“ARTHUR SIVERTSEN, Signaller, 6th S.A. Infantry, 30.12.1917; to W. R. THOMPSON, Private, 2nd S.A. Infantry, Messines, 11.4.1918; to HERBERT F. SMITH, Private, 16th Batt. Manchester Regiment, Zillebeke, 13.8.1917; and to CECIL ROSS, S.A. Infantry, Delville Wood.” The other Lamps will be dedicated in time.

The new home Branches followed on in order. The members of *Scarborough*, *Louth*, *Bolton*, *Mexborough*, *Colwyn Bay*, and *Brighouse* had themselves given their Lamps, “in memory of the ELDER BRETHREN” of their own towns, who “shall grow not old.” Two, *Waterloo* (Liverpool) and *Enfield*, had as yet not been dedicated. The others bore inscriptions as follows:—*Weybridge* “in memory of our comrade REGINALD HAWKER, who served in the R.A.F. in the Great War. Died 31.12.1926”—a faithful member of the Branch; *Great Yarmouth* “in memory of the men of the DRIFTER PATROL who gave their lives for their country”; *Grimby* “in memory of Brig-General NOBLE FLEMING JENKINS, C.M.G., C.B.E., who gave his life in attempting to rescue a girl from drowning, St. Leonards-on-Sea, 19.8.1927”; the twin Dorset villages of *Spetisbury-cum-Charlton* “in memory of ARTHUR LEWIS KENNAWAY, Lt., 1st Queen’s Own Dorset Yeomanry. Suvla Bay, 21.8.1915”; *Richmond’s* Lamp was named THE “STAR AND GARTER” LAMP (for the Branch has long done work for disabled men at the great Star and Garter Home); *Southend’s* Lamp “in memory of OSWALD TILLEY, London Rifle Brigade. Died of wounds, 30.4.1915, aged 19”; *Grangetown* “in memory of JOHN ATHERTON PARNELL PARNELL, 1st Gloucester Regiment. Somme, 8.9.1916”; *Hulme* “in memory of E. N. CUNLIFFE, Lt.-Col., R.A.M.C. Died 31.3.1919, aged 41 years”; *Gainsborough* “in memory of EDMUND RALPH CREYKE, Capt., 5th Batt. K.O.Y.L.I., and of all from the town who made the Great Sacrifice, 1914–1918”; *West Sheffield* “in memory of JOSEPH COWAN, Cpl., Civil Service Rifles. Cambrai, 30.11.1917”; *Chesterfield* “in memory of HERBERT LACK, Pte., 12th Yorks and Lancs. Rgt. Died 2.7.1916 at Rouen; also of ARNOLD JEPHSON, Pte., King’s Liverpool Regt. Killed at Arras, 17.5.1917; and of FREDERICK CHARLES JEPHSON, 2/6 Sherwood Foresters. Killed at Cambrai, 14.12.1917; also of F. B. ROBINSON, Capt. 1/6 Sherwood Foresters. Died of wounds at Gommecourt 3.7.1916; also of T. PEVERIL MARGERSON, L.-Cpl., 2nd Batt, Sherwood Foresters. Died at Potchefstroom, South Africa, 2.9.1901”; *Leves’* was called THE FAITHFUL SERVICE LAMP, in memory of a life of faithful service”; and *St. Helens* was “in memory of GEORGE GAMBLE, 2nd Lt., Rifle Brigade, attd. 2nd Batt. Died in No. 25 F. A., 24.9.1917, of wounds received at Pont Achelles, Nicppe.”

The Ceremony of “Light”

Already before the last new Lamp had been lit, the great Hall had begun to grow dim. First the topmost gallery, so crowded with standing members, was plunged into darkness; the lights went out all round the Balcony, then in the Grand Tier of Boxes, in the Loggias, in the Stalls, finally in the Arena. All light was now concentrated on the platform—from the brilliant crown round the organ and from two small but intensely bright lamps which shone down upon the chief actors on the stage in the middle, and from the semicircle of Lamps and Rushlights themselves. The music of the band died into silence; there was a pause of complete and expectant stillness. Then Tubby, from the Prince’s side, took a step forward and, in a ringing voice, spoke the word “Light!” At the same moment the cover of darkness which had descended from above upon the audience, was made complete: on a little, human scale it had come over them like the unforgettable onrush of the moon’s shadow at last year’s Eclipse. But

it was only a darkness made to show up the "light" upon which every eye and mind was fixed—the steep bank of hundreds of golden, wavering flames, so tiny in themselves, so big with meaning to anyone who shares the hopes and strivings which they symbolise. The familiar word of command was not only the signal for the darkening of the Hall, but brought the whole audience instantly to its feet for the simplest rite in Toc H. Week by week in hundreds of places strangely diverse in circumstance—in Kent and Chile, Dorset and Durban, York and New York, Sheffield and Suez and Sydney, Belfast and Buenos Aires and Bombay, or on a battleship at sea—a semicircle of members, the little counterpart of the packed semicircle in the Albert Hall, stands round its Lamp or Rushlight. The unchanging ceremony, which is a most visible link between all parts of the scattered Family, is two-fold in its intention—it recalls Sacrifice, "the lives that first fed the Light," and it summons to Service, "your loins girded and your Lamps burning." Both meanings are made clear in the words spoken, and the silence which intervenes gives space for individual Remembrance and Resolve. Tubby's voice continued:—

With proud thanksgiving let us remember our Elder Brethren.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old :

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them.

The loud deep answer came at once from thousands of lips "*We will remember them.*" And then from a distant corridor, *Laſi Poſi* was being blown. To the younger generation of members, already a majority, it was an honour due to the predecessors they had never seen ; to older men and women present the sound came indeed down corridors of the years gone by and brought to mind a face, a voice, the vivid life of some friend. Then the Silence fell. . . .

The final words—the summons of Highest Authority to service, not hid but active—followed :

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works—

And the answer, in a great wave, from the crowd in the darkness of the Hall :

And glorify our Father which is in Heaven.

Four trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards, standing waist high behind the Toc H flag which surrounded the organ seat, set their trumpets to their lips for *Reveille*. At the first crashing note of the call the lights began to leap up, spreading rapidly upwards from Arena to Gallery : they shone first on the four silver helmets with scarlet plumes and the gleaming trumpets, they brought back the colours of the Banners out of darkness, they revealed the close ranks of thousands in their places, they showed men standing tensely, here and there they shone on men, as well as women, in tears.

Tubby's Speech

The strain (for it was a strain) gave way suddenly ; all voices, led by the band, broke out into "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven." The singing ended, Tubby stepped forward to face a tremendous demonstration of affectionate loyalty ; then everyone who could (including the long-suffering bearers of Lights and Banners on the platform) sat down to listen. Perhaps not more than a dozen of those present realised how real a *tour-de-force* Tubby's speech was that night. Hard driven by his unending work for Toc H, and finally worn out by a week of fierce pain in his arm, he was able, by sheer force of will, to stand before that crowd and to reach every one of them with a voice that did not falter. If to view the Albert Hall from the Gallery is like looking down into a huge quarry from the edge of a precipice, to look up from the platform is more impressive still : the whole visible world is a wall of faces, all concentrated upon one small figure in the midst, faces going up and up, back and back, until it seems as though, somewhere behind the furthest, the whole family of Toc H must be "listening in." And so, in a

true sense, it was—there were faces in Australia and Africa and the United States turned towards the Birthday Guest-night. Tubby began with a reference to "the Prince of good fellows" beside him: "he who makes 'I serve' the rule of his life will assuredly find that he will be devotedly served—there is one, at least, with us to-night who has found this true." What followed was entirely characteristic—the practical and the visionary in quick succession, a deep chuckle (who doesn't know it?), a gentle sally at the expense of Scotsmen, half a dozen men named for shining example, a notice about blankets at All Hallows for the "lost dogs" of the family, a reminder that many would meet at the altar on the morrow, a call to all men to go forward, as living lamps to the world, to proclaim Christ their King. The words were few, but everyone of them got home. Then Tubby stepped back—out of the Birthday picture. For that night he was very ill; next day he was closely imprisoned in bed at Wapping by Leonard Browne (the only man in Flanders in the early days who could compel his obedience) and another Toc H doctor member; and on Monday he was sentenced to a nursing home for rest.

According to the custom, which should always be found entirely natural at a Toc H Guest-night, prayers succeeded. Padre Owen Watkins (deputy Chaplain-General, a great recent accession to our Wesleyan membership and for our work with the Army) conducted them. He used, most fitly, familiar prayers from the *Toc H Treasury*—for the Brotherhood, far-off as well as near, and for the Realm which it serves; at the end, greatly daring, he called on the crowd to "enter into the silence of God." Once more, therefore, silence fell, unbroken by a cough or the rustle of a paper.

The song that closes the Birthday ceremony is unvaried—it is always Blake's *Jerusalem*, to Hubert Parry's music. It was the most triumphant singing of the evening. Everyone "let go" on the second verse—

"Bring me my bow of burning gold,
Bring me my arrows of desire . . .
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

Even the bandmaster, as he conducted with baton and boot, was singing his hardest; he confided in a member afterwards that the volume of sound which swept up to the platform "nearly bowled him over." Then the National Anthem.

The last word was the right word, spoken by the right person. It was the Prince's hearty "Good-night, everybody." It had indeed been a good night.

Saturday Night

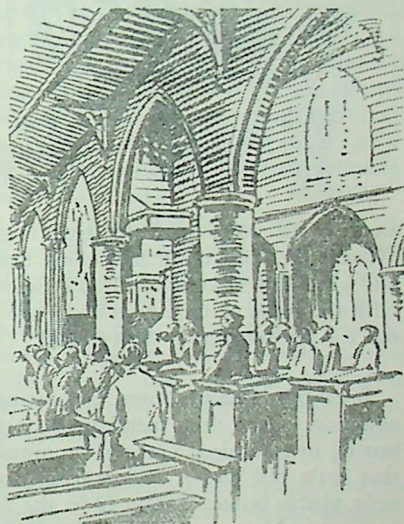
The words printed on the Saturday time-table "10.0. And so to bed," were surely inspired by a profound pessimist. No one goes to bed at that time at the Birthday Festival, and among the younger members the tradition seems to have grown up that one doesn't sleep at all, except by accident, during the week-end. At the hotels, where 1,000 provincial members were billeted, refreshments could be had up to the small hours, and conversation (of the lightest or of the most serious) up to daylight. Many wandered on foot or by 'bus or taxi before turning home. Fortunately the Metropolitan Police are able nicely to discriminate between persons elated by sheer happiness or by mere beer; not a single Toc H member landed up at Vine Street. A member of the Birthday staff who, having finished his evening's job, turned to a restaurant in the Strand for a meal just after midnight, found a queue of a couple of hundred fellow members lined up on the pavement outside to await entry. They passed their time and entertained the Town with song, conducted by a member from the vantage of a lamp-post. "Where have

these chaps of yours come from? A football match?" a friendly constable asked him. "No, a prayer meeting," was the reply, which rather staggered even a London policeman. At a London house a party of "carol-singers" from the Midlands were received, first with cold water from the upper windows, and then with a warm welcome at the front door. No one can report the (unofficial) programme of Saturday night, for nobody knows it all. Everyone finally found cover somewhere. Under the shadows of All Hallows, as Tubby had announced in the Albert Hall, "Buster" Brown ran an improvised "home for lost dogs" or "waifs and strays" in the empty ground floor offices of a wine importer, fitted up for the occasion (free of charge—a real "job" of service done by the City of London Electrical Supply Co.) with lamps, radiators and an electric kettle. The place, being at the corner of Beer Lane, inspired special hope in some visitors, but two empty champagne bottles, used as door-stops, were the nearest they came to realisation. However, there was perpetual tea and plenty of food, sent over by the Women Helpers of New June, throughout the night; large consignments of "passengers' luggage" were dumped there at various times, and at least one Group meeting was held during the night round the radiator in the "Manager's office." And so—somehow for everyone—the short night passed, and a busy day dawned.

3.—Sunday Morning : December 4

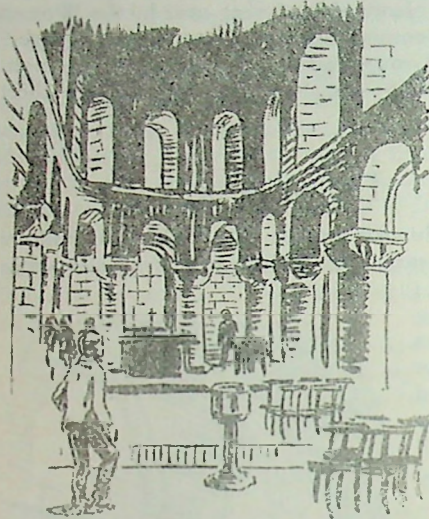
The centre of family life for Toc H throughout Sunday was the City itself. All Hallows "Berkyngeschirche," the richest shrine of Toc H, was early astir. There were five Celebrations of Holy Communion: at 7, 7.30, 8, 8.45 and 9.45 a.m.; the intervals grew progressively greater to suit increasing congregations—for the Sunday train service only starts at 8 a.m. Those living near or travelling in on foot or by car, who came out of the earlier services, found the next congregation assembling; at 8.45 and at 9.45 there were really big crowds waiting at the door. All Hallows seats some 350 worshippers—and over 1,000 made their communion there that morning.

On Sunday morning, in the City, "the very houses are asleep"; on that December morning the sky overhead was blank and grey, the streets bare and empty. But within All Hallows there was light and colour and the movement of life. The old church which—clothed in successive forms by its many builders—has stood "for duty and the things of God" for over twelve centuries on Tower Hill, can never before have housed so great a company of youth on one day. King Alfred's men and the Conqueror's masons, who surely came here from the fortress of the Tower; Cœur de Lion (who did the church special honour) and the recruits of his Crusade; the crowds that bore hither the headless bodies of some of the wisest, fresh from the block on Tower Hill; the mob in many a riot, or at the Great Fire which scorched these stones; Cromwell's builders restoring the brick tower; William Penn for his baptism—there was youth among them all. And now, during the last few years, the hands of youth have been called to write, humbly and joyfully, a fresh chapter in this long history. Increasingly the marks of their coming appear within the walls; the symbols of Toc H—the Prince's Lamp, the Sword



uplifted beside it, the sleeping bronze figure of an Elder Brother—have made its great beauty greater; but the coming and going of young men, within and around it, is the best token of all. On that Sunday morning they filled every pew—with their sisters of the League of Women Helpers beside them; they knelt upon the stones under the organ loft and up the aisles; they went forward, singing, to lay their gifts of themselves—so varied and so differently displayed—before the altar and to receive the unspeakable Gift in their turn. The most despondent churchman would have seen light there that morning, and the most hopeful fresh grounds for the faith within him. *Sursum corda!*

The congregation of All Hallows was not alone. Close beside it, in the heart of the Tower of London itself, the Free Church Brethren of the same family of Toc H held their Celebration of Holy Communion. This Birthday Communion



has been held each year in a historic place—in 1923 and 1924 in Bishopsgate Chapel, which has a fine record of over two centuries' witness and service in the City; in 1925, in the Chapel of Mark I., using the Carpenter's Bench from Poperinghe and the other furniture of the first Upper Room; in 1926 in Cross Street Chapel, Manchester—historical, beyond most places of worship in Lancashire. And in 1927 the setting was as noble as could well be found—the Chapel of St. John in the White Tower, one of the most perfect Norman buildings in the Kingdom. This little sanctuary, so austere in its beauty, had served every English monarch from Stephen to Charles II. as a private oratory; it was not intended to house a big congregation. And so the 200 Toc H worshippers who came that morning filled every part of it. If a distant and often tragic history belonged to these walls, there were other things there on this occasion which linked men to later times: the chalices and patens had all been

used in the war, and from them many of our Elder Brethren had received the Bread and the Wine; the altar cloth had come home from the Sudan campaign. As the padres* blessed and gave the Tokens of Divine Fellowship, members felt that they were indeed made one with the hosts of men who had gone before them and with their fellow-members gathered in the old church across Tower Hill.

* * * * *

Breakfast in half-a-dozen City eating places, specially opened for this invasion, was a hilarious re-union. And then members scattered for the short remains of the morning. Some toured busily, in two hired General omnibuses, round the London "Marks," not omitting a sight of that little old house, almost forgotten in the backwater of Red Lion Square, which was the only visible home of Toc H in the first post-war days. Others wandered in little companies on foot. Many returned to All Hallows for matins, in expectation of a sermon from Tubby whose place had to be taken at short notice by Gilbert Williams.† At 1.30 about 1,000 gathered for lunch in a restaurant in Bishopsgate. Thence they made devious tracks for the London Rifle Brigade Drill Hall in Bunhill Row.

* Padres Owen Watkins (Deputy Chaplain-General), Alex Birkmire (H.Q.), J. G. Paton (Belfast), Donald Standfast (Regnal League), and F. C. Young (Bellingham Group).

† The sermon which Tubby had intended to preach will be printed in the February JOURNAL.

4.---Sunday Afternoon

The friendship of the L.R.B. with Talbot House began on active service. Once before—at a memorable Festival in 1922—their drill hall, the largest in London, had been at the disposal of Toc H. This time it was to be the scene of a “Family Gathering”—a non-committal name for an event the very essence of which was its absence of plan and programme. One of the needs felt and expressed at every Birthday Festival has been that of time and space for members to be “free and easy” together in large quantities. Such complete freedom would be impossible in the Albert Hall, with its inflexible L.C.C. regulations about clear gangways and locked communication doors—and, if possible, would be merely chaotic. The bare level space of the L.R.B. Hall provided just what is required. A few chairs round the edges catered for some of the ladies or for anyone who got tired of violent motion or a hard floor. The rest of the space was open to field-sports of various kinds. These included community singing (as done at all the best football matches), two simultaneous Rugger scrums of fifty a side, tossing a man in a blanket (without a blanket), hunt the thimble (the thimble being some member one wanted specially to come across among a couple of thousand in perpetual motion), and baiting celebrities. This last game proved to be an enormous attraction which silenced all its rivals.

Harry Willink started it off by taking the chair, *i.e.*, by standing on the only chair in the central space, while his assistants chanted “Sit down, sit down” (to the tune of Big Ben) until everyone who was able was sitting on the floor before him. Mindful of the rules of community singing, the crowd shouted “Take your coat off!” The chairman did so. “Take your collar off!” He obeyed. “Waistcoat!” . . . “Braces!”—it stopped there without disaster. The same clamour greeted every subsequent speaker and was more or less gracefully complied with. Childish? Yes—but, thank goodness, even the middle-aged in Toc H often prove to be children. And could anything “worth while” follow such a beginning? Assuredly it could, and did. For this eager and happy audience was in a wakeful mind that could receive, as quick as the alternation could be made, either good fooling or the deepest things that might be said: it was extraordinarily true to the Toc H aim of seeing all life in one piece. The one deep and universal regret of the afternoon was that Tubby’s illness prevented him from being in the centre of a gathering so entirely after his own heart. The family sent him a message of sincerest gratitude for all he had done for Toc H during 1927 and particularly last night.”

It is not possible adequately to “report” the speakers who were called upon, with little or no notice at all, to face this formidably happy crowd. The first were Sir Ludovic Porter and Padre Ted Davidson (Australia—Manchester), who, leaving coat and collar, came on hand-in-hand, with a step dance, before speaking. The former began, “My name is ‘Ludo’—a game of skill”; he outlined his idea of the Toc H job of befriending men going East (cries of “going West!”) which appears on another page (see p. 12); he ended by saying that he would take it hardly if any member about to go out failed to share with him one of “Ludo’s Light Lunches—Liquor Long and Luscious.” Ted spoke, of course, about Australia: “Our particular job out there is to bring fellowship into the lives of people who are scattered.” And for men emigrating there was no need now for friendlessness; they need not miss the family life of Toc H on any route touched by British ships; moreover, Toc H now went beyond the Empire—they had in their midst at the moment the first German Toc H member. This was entirely unexpected, and it produced immediate shouts of “Speech!” In response Harro Jensen, who had been sitting unknown to more than a dozen, in the middle of the crowd, stood up and began to struggle towards the “platform.” This was the signal for tremendous and prolonged cheering—one of the most outstanding demonstrations of feeling during the week-end. Facing the crowd from the height of the chair, he spoke in excellent English: it was a simple and courageous answer to an emergency which won his hearers still further. “I am very proud,” he said, “of being the first German who has the privilege of speaking to a Toc H audience; on the other hand, I

really don't deserve the hearty welcome you give me. One thing always troubles me when I think of Toc H starting in Germany—Toc H, as it is now, is purely British, and if it should come to other countries, it would be sure to look slightly different; before one starts such a thing, one must be prepared to accept this fact. It must be either typically British or typically German in Germany—and I think the second would be best." He said a few words about hopes and plans, and ended with a German quotation to the effect that justice, right and freedom should always reign in Germany—"It should be possible to realise this spirit everywhere." Who can tell of what new chapter in Toc H history that short speech may not be the first paragraph? For Europe is a field untouched by our Pilgrims as yet.

A number of speakers followed: Major Carver (Hull), who reported enthusiastically on what he had seen of Toc H South Africa on a recent visit; Bert Oldfield, first member in South Africa; Gilbert Williams, just returned from South African Toc H work; Padre Brochner (Brothers' House and S.E. London); George Macleod (Edinburgh); Miss Macfie (League of Women Helpers); Barclay Baron (H.Q.). Time was up, but there were shouts for "Peter!"—and Peter Monie mounted the chair. The Hon. Administrator of Toc H, after a humorous touch, went straight for the deep places in which the movement must be founded; he spoke very directly about the difficulty, the necessity, the great adventure of prayer. And his audience was as ready to follow his talk, point by point, as they had been for every subject of previous speakers. As he finished, it was found most natural by everyone to stand for short "home-going prayers."

Well content, the Festival crowd, the greatest family gathering of the year, broke up and set their faces towards homes, which, in some cases, were hundreds of miles distant. This informal afternoon was a good ending, for it had given members opportunity, publicly and in countless private talks in the Hall, to express freely their minds. Final comment may be left to a stranger, one of the General omnibus drivers, who having delivered his load at the L.R.B., came in to ask for further orders. There were none, but he lingered until the end. "It's glorious," he said to a member. "I haven't seen the boys like this since 1914." With that he took down the name of the Branch nearest his home; perhaps by now he is one of "the boys" himself again.

Epilogue

1.

The author of a leading article in a weekly paper wrote thus of the THANKSGIVING:—

"One wonders what a Dean of Westminster of, say, the middle eighteenth century would have thought if he had been in his Abbey last Saturday afternoon. He would have found nave and choir and transepts packed with a mighty crowd of men, and most of them young, who were celebrating the birthday of an institution whose only *raison d'être* is that it is Christian. Its sons did not seem to be ashamed of the fact. On the contrary, they gave the impression that they were rather proud of it. They joined in the service as if it meant a good deal to them. . . . The congregation even sang hymns on their own account in the nave when the service was over—a practice not normally indulged in in the Abbey! The things we talk about *ad nauseam*—fellowship and service and the spirit of adventure—were obviously realities for these young men. What does it all mean? Has the movement which a rubby little padre started in Poperinghe eleven years ago come to stay? Have we got in Toc H the germ of the spiritual revival for which we are all looking? Or is it just another stunt, fated to die away when the first enthusiasm wanes? Only the future can answer these questions. But no one could be at a service such as that which filled the Abbey and overflowed into St. Margaret's last week, without feeling that there is more religion in England than the pessimists would have us believe."

(*The Guardian*, 9.12.1927).

And the leader writer of a Communist paper, The Sunday Worker, without actually being present, saw the scene thus through his dark-red spectacles :—

"It was impossible to view this great assembly of war-worn, crippled men (many of them obviously hard put to keep themselves alive in the country they had preserved) without emotion. Here was a gathering of some of war's most pitiful victims banded together by a common bond of suffering, striving in a blind, pitiful fashion to keep alive the spirit of comradeship which their sufferings in Flanders years ago engendered. In the shadow-wrapt valhalla of past military chiefs, beside the grave of the Unknown, who represents the world's awful sacrifice on Militarism's bloody altars, these ill-requited veterans gathered to pray that their sufferings might not have been in vain. . . . There were grey, drawn faces in those serried ranks which bore the unmistakable stamp of grim disillusionment."

(His zeal for truth prompts him to say plenty more, which we spare our readers—noting only that the "ill-requited veterans," in a sheer majority of cases, were not of military age when the War ended, and that if a few faces were "drawn" it was because their owners had travelled all night to rejoice with the Family.)

II.

A visitor, seeing Toc H for the first time at the ALBERT HALL, wrote this letter next day to the member (the Chairman of a country Branch) whose guest he was :—

"I know now, in no little degree, what is the source of your enthusiasm. I cannot tell you how thankful I am to have had the opportunity of seeing what Toc H means, and never in my life have I so thoroughly enjoyed myself as I did last night. To-day I am positively hoarse with singing all the songs. The whole idea is positively enthralling and is just after my own mind. The first person I met in the Albert Hall was a delightful young fellow—I should think from one of the Universities, who in the most friendly way asked me to buy the Song Book ; I was then shepherded by a boy who spoke the well-known Northern accent, and in an equally friendly way shown to my seat, with a gentle reminder to 'mind and sing'—bless his heart ! That £250,000 must be found. How can one despair of one's country after spending an evening like last night ?"

III.

Voices of quite a number of Toc H members :—

"And SUNDAY was best of all !"

THE AFRICAN CIRCLE OF TOC H

The Birthday Festival offered the best opportunity of calling together members interested in Africa to discuss the formation of an "African Circle." A meeting was therefore held at 7, Tower Hill, before lunch on December 4, at which it was decided to go ahead with the scheme. Among the fifteen members present there were representatives of Keiskama Hoek, Johannesburg, Durban, Grahamstown, Somerset East, Pietermaritzburg, Griqualand and Kenya Colony. The prospect of there being a rallying point in London for all visiting members from Africa was welcomed. This will be at Mark II, where it is hoped to endow a South African room. It is proposed to hold quarterly meetings in London to discuss and study definite questions peculiar to South Africa, and to transact business. Among other matters to be considered is the suitable observance of Delville Wood Anniversary, which is to be kept as the Birthday Festival of Toc H in South Africa.

The first meeting of the newly formed Circle was held at Mark II on December 16, when a committee was formed. The Secretary, E. Harold Bazeley, Mark II, 123, St. George's Square, S.W.1, would be glad to hear from any member interested in Africa.

A TOC H GUEST HOUSE

THE November JOURNAL bore in its forefront news of the passing of that grand old Master Gardener, Tubby's father—master of the house Little Hatchett, at Beaulieu, in the New Forest, and gardener of its big garden. On the last day of the Old Year Tubby penned the letter which follows. There could have been no finer New Year's greeting to the Toc H family:—

Hatchett Guest House, Beaulieu, Hants.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—

Am I in order in asking the JOURNAL to carry the following item of minor information? For a long time some of us have hoped that some small Toc H house might be available in the heart of untouched countryside, and yet not inaccessible to our chief centres and most sooty membership. The problem is now solved in a small and unofficial way for 1928; for my brother (R.J.B. of F.M.S. Branch) has lent our old home—now his—for this very purpose. It is—as some few already know—a green-tiled bungalow, in a big rough garden, just outside Beaulieu, and facing the open Forest, wherein you can walk all day long and meet no one whatsoever. From now onwards the little Guest House is ready to welcome whatever Toc H friends it can refresh and make happy in its sheer simplicity. It will hold at a pinch six visitors of Toc H and L.W.H. at any one time, apart from my own room—for it is still my home—and those of the two volunteers who are standing by as staff. These are my niece, Miss Stuart Clayton, and her friend, Miss Grace Butler, sister of an old member of Mark II.

Visitors will please write well beforehand to Miss Johnson, at All Hallows Porch Room, Byward Street, E.C.3, who will notify the bookings and furnish details. Payment will be made to cover food and maintenance, in accordance with the ability of the visitors. The house itself is now free and open. May it prove a new means, however unpretentious, of added health and deeper understanding.

TUBBY.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

▣ All members will be rejoiced to learn that TUBBY has left England for a much-needed holiday. He sailed on January 6th for Gibraltar, taking with him REX CALKIN, who had also well earned a rest. He hopes also to go to Portugal to talk about Toc H to the many Englishmen working in the wine-growing industry districts.

▣ The Right Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., has accepted the invitation of the Central Executive to become a President of Toc H, and is assured of a great welcome as soon as his duties allow him to visit us.

▣ Saturday, April 21, has been fixed for the next meeting of the CENTRAL COUNCIL. The meeting will be held in London at the usual time, i.e., 2 p.m., place to be announced later. As the Agenda ought to be sent out on April 7, notice of all Resolutions which Councillors wish to move should reach Headquarters by March 31.

▣ A Chaplaincy, to be called the SALFORD AND MANCHESTER CHAPLAINCY, has been endowed in memory of the late William Grimble Groves by his son, and the padre holding this chaplaincy will normally reside in Mark XIV. A portion of another endowment for Manchester has already been raised by Toc H in Manchester.

▣ The Rev. FRED MOLYNEUX has been for some time on Tubby's staff at All Hallows. He has been appointed Area Padre for the East and North Yorks and Lincs Area, residing in Mark X. Padre TOM GARAWAY is now at work in the much neglected Home Counties Area.

▣ The following have been appointed Hon. VISITORS—C. J. MAGRATH for West and South Yorks Area, and R. MASLIN for West Midlands Area. Rev. J. G. PATON, at the request of the Council for Ireland (N. Section), has been appointed an Hon. ASSOCIATION PADRE.

Heartiest congratulations to LEEDS Branch on the success of their appeal which makes it possible to take over the RED HOUSE Settlement, which will be conveyed to

Tot H Incorporated; and to DURHAM Branch on obtaining a building which can be used both as Branch Headquarters and as a Boys' and Girls' Club.

NEWS FROM BRANCHES AND GROUPS

The news received from Branch and Group scribes this month was considerably less than usual, and, further, it has been more unkindly cut than ever by the editorial blue pencil. The beginning of a new Volume seems the right moment to tackle the problem of news which grows steadily in quantity with the spread of Tot H round the country and the world, until these paragraphs have come to claim a third—or more—of the pages in most numbers. The aim in future will be to give a general view of the activities and progress in the different Areas—in so far as writers in the Branches and Groups will provide the material. Detailed accounts of happenings like Guest-nights, concerts, outings for boys, whist-drives for hospitals, valuable and delightful as is each one of these things to those who share the work and enjoyment of it, all look much alike in print to anyone outside: very little space, therefore, will in future be given to them. On the other hand, reports on some "job" a little out of the ordinary in a busy jobmaster's list are really valuable to others; they have often given a suggestion and a lead to other Branches and Groups and constitute the main value of these pages. Those who will send in such reports will be doing true service.—ED.

London Federation

Tubby invites London Tot H and L.W.H. to the *Pancake Party* on Shrove Tuesday, February 21, at the People's Palace, Mile End Road, E., at 7.15 for 7.45 p.m. Those who remember this jolly event last year will certainly come again. Tickets from Rex Calkin at H.Q.

London news is specially scanty—not because there is nothing to report. In the *North Western District* HAMPSTEAD'S Lamp was dedicated in St. Stephen's Church on November 27 to the joint memory of Lancelot Kennedy, one of the Elder Brethren, and of his mother, who took a leading share in social service in the district and who died recently. Padres Birkmire, F. Bufard, L. H. C. Hopkins and George Smissen took the service.

In the *Eastern District* BARKING ran a "Pound Day" for the local hospitals (800 lbs. of groceries were collected) and intends to make this an annual job; they also made a collection of toys for children at Christmas. An ILFORD probationer is starting a Cub pack. SOUTHEND, which holds its Lamp dedication service on January 14, has a promising offshoot at RAYLEIGH and the makings of a new Group at PITSEA. STEPNEY

held a meeting (to which Ilford, Leytonstone, Poplar, Tower Hill and West Ham sent representatives) to further the work in the district. TOWER HILL celebrated its third birthday on December 1; in the course of a very happy evening "The Gen." conducted the ceremony of "Light." HAROLD WOOD has acquired fine quarters of its own, a hut in Station Road which will also house the Scouts and the L.W.H.; while POPLAR, a promising infant, which received its Rushlight on November 29, has gone into new quarters at the "Old Five Bells" (dry) pub, where they meet on Tuesdays. WEST HAM, which has just started a branch of the Hospital Savings Association at St. Cedd's, Plaistow, and provided a football coach to a boys' club, meets at 131, Balaam Street, Plaistow, on January 6 (Business); January 13 (Speaker), January 20 (Debate), January 27 (Speaker), February 30 (Business), February 10 (Sing song), February 17 (Guest-night), February 24 (Debate).

In the *Southern District* NORWOOD holds a Re-union Dinner on February 11, open to all members (tickets 2s. 6d.), and an annual Re-dedication service at Emmanuel Church, Dulwich, on February 12 at 6.30 p.m.

In the *South Western District*, TWICKENHAM once again carried through the public memorial service in the Park on Armistice Day: this is a job appreciated more and more by the Borough as a whole, and each year the crowd increases. The public authorities (Mayor and Corporation, Fire Brigade, Tramwaymen), contingents of ex-Service men, Brigades, Scouts, Guides, etc., and between 3,000 and 4,000 members of the public attended. Padre Osborne conducted the service, a leading Free Church Minister read the lesson, and Barclay Baron spoke, and the band of the Salvation Army played. All preparations were made and stewarding done by Twickenham members. The Boys' Club makes good progress, and a Sunday evening service, run by members and boys, has been started. Membership grows steadily.

In the *Western District* MARK I announces Guest-nights as follows:—January 18 (Western District Guest-night), January 25 (talk on the River Police). A new Group has been registered at FULHAM, which meets at St. John's Hall, North End Road, Walham Green, every Friday at 8 p.m. Their jobs include work at the Borough of Fulham Boys' Club, the Cripples' Parlour and the Roehampton Hospital.

Entertainments and Sports

The *Toc H Drama League* is producing "The Sport of Kings" at the Scala Theatre on January 31 and February 1; 1,000 seats are available at each performance at prices varying from 1s. to 10s. 6d.: proceeds to be divided between Toc H and the City of London Hospital and School for the Blind: enquiries to George Martin, 4 Montem Road, S.E.23. The Entertainments Committee would appreciate as long notice as possible from societies or Toc H units which want to book the *Drama League*, *The Toc H Entertainers* or *The Toc H Orchestra*, as all three are now heavily engaged.

In the *Sports Club* the new *Swimming Section* makes gradual progress. The Secretary has now arranged for members to have use of baths as follows:—Mondays and Tuesdays, St. George's Baths, Buckingham Palace Road; Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays (for Western members) Lime Grove Baths, Shepherd's Bush; and hopes to secure the use of Bermondsey and Streatham Baths for South Eastern and Southern members. An attendance of 20 on each Club night must be guaranteed. The Section holds its annual meeting at 1, Queen Anne's Gate on February 20 at 6.30.

Home Counties Area

FARNHAM held an inspiring service for the dedication of their Rushlight on December 8; they have decided to meet a great need in the town by starting a sports club for young men. FOLKESTONE members worked hard for the Mayor's Christmas Fund, and raised over £100 at a concert in the Leas Cliff Hall; their carol party, in conjunction with the L.W.H., materially helped St. Dunstan's. OXFORD has been busy with its regular jobs, e.g., visiting the Wingfield Hospital and taking men and boy patients for walks or to local football matches; they have raised some £50 to provide new spinal chairs for them, half of it by collections in local pubs, etc., and half by a jolly concert they held in the Examination Schools. The Branch Birthday Party on

December 8, was worth while: the Secretary writes, "we really had a great time last night. Harro (*Jensen, the first German member—see p. 41*) especially won everyone's hearts, and their minds too, for he set us all thinking." READING Branch and L.W.H. gave a party to crippled boys and girls in December. Two points, recently made by them, are worth the attention of other Branches and Groups—they have adopted an "All-in Subscription" plan for their members, and they have secured permission to instal this JOURNAL in the Public Library. They meet every Tuesday at St. Laurence Old Schools, Abbey Road, their new H.Q. The reports on work done and the financial position of the Branch at the TUNBRIDGE WELLS Annual Meeting

were gratifying, and a strong Winter programme was arranged. The WEST KENT (First Countrymen's) Branch held an Armistice service on November 11 at Platt, at which most of the scattered membership was present; the general public filled the church and the crowd in the Men's Club afterwards was astonishing. As all members of Toc H know, this Branch, the membership of which consists largely of men engaged in farm work and is widely scattered over the countryside, is

organised into small "Wings" based on different villages. Branch meetings at short intervals are therefore impossible, and a "quarterly rally" takes their place. On December 15 the Annual Branch Supper and General Meeting was held, with great success, in the village hall at Otford: reports showed that solid jobs of service go forward under difficult conditions. The OFFHAM "feathers" of PLATT Wing are about to launch out on their own.

East Anglian Area

CHELMSFORD assembled at the local Cenotaph on Armistice Day and held the ceremony of "Light," supported by 400 members of the general public. IPSWICH worked for the Church Congress in November, was present at the consecration of a new parish church in the town of which its Padre is first vicar, was represented in the civic Armistice ceremonies, and reports that "jobs" go forward satisfactorily. GREAT YARMOUTH, a newly promoted Branch, held a Dedication of its Lamp on December 12. Its principal jobs are done for the Infirmary

and the Deaf and Dumb Club, but it is already trying to organise a Summer "standing camp" for boys—100 boys a week for six weeks. Parties must be in charge of responsible Toc H members, and must pay their own fares and net cost of food. The Branch, not a rich one, hopes to raise all necessary equipment, and if a dozen Branches would come forward with a sound (not necessarily new) bell tent each, the scheme would be well on the way. Anyone interested should write to the Camp Secretary, S. A. Lewis, Devonport House, Marlborough Square, Great Yarmouth.

Yorkshire Areas, West and South, East and North, and Lincs

ROTHERHAM members have been helping local charities by dramatic efforts of their own, and have been collecting for the incorporated Seaman's Charity in the picture houses. They started a study circle on "Penal Reform" in November, and got the Deputy Governor of Wakefield Training Centre to address them. SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD report useful talks on the Blind and Ambulance work; they have new probationers and are going ahead. BRIDLINGTON'S Boys' Club, a month old, is very much alive: much furniture and discipline has been broken and the Group already lays plans to acquire larger premises. Its local Birthday festival awakened real interest

in the town and brought in a large number of probationers and practical offers of help from all quarters. At Christmas they entertained 150 poor children. ESTON meets in an excellent loft over a garage, is running a Boys' Club and helping the local Police Charity. LINCOLN meets every Monday at the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Grantham Street (one of the new Toc H signs, given anonymously, outside removes all excuse for missing the place!). They have had a series of talks designed to help them to understand "Everyman's" opinion. A general move by Lincolnshire members to help the C.E.T.S. Boys' Home is an aim of the Branch.

Northern Area

The *Tyneside Rally*, held on the Gibson Street premises, NEWCASTLE, provided a lively

discussion on the motion "That Toc H in the North has not yet justified its existence":

it was lost—but only by 8 votes! This discussion, by common consent, was really valuable. Christmas time brought its customary busy jobs to SOUTH SHIELDS Branch. It is hoped shortly to hold week-end conferences, on Tyneside and Tees-side, for Branch and Group Pilots, to discuss the duties and possibilities of this new office.

Lancashire and Mersey-side Areas

STOCKPORT members have listened keenly to talks on "Housing," "Education," "A living wage," "Wireless for the Blind," etc. They held their local Birthday festival on January 13. The new ISLE OF MAN Group was set on its way by Padre Harrison

(Liverpool) who faced a rough crossing to address their first Guest-night on November 22; they acquired some new probationers at their second meeting on December 7. Their first job is helping boys who are sent over to the Isle from Industrial Schools for farm work.

South Coast Area

EASTBOURNE entertained 60 members of their junior club on December 27, and their Scout troop at Hampden Park is going strong. WORTHING also ran an entertainment at

local Hospitals. Winter work for the Blind goes steadily forward. Toc H and the local Rotary Club have formed a joint committee to promote co-operation in service to the town.

Wessex and West Country Areas

A Sapper sergeant and a Gunner subaltern, putting their heads together, were the instigators of the new "VECTIS GROUP" in the Isle of Wight. Sixteen men attended the preliminary meeting on November 2 at Victoria Barracks; at the four meetings held since then the average attendance has been 37. The Group was started at Cowes but is designed to cover the whole Island. There is real enthusiasm and time has not been lost in "getting down to it." Already help has been offered to the I. of W. Blind Society and the medical officer in charge of Cripples; contact has been made with three troops of Boy Scouts and Sea Scouts, and a S.M. found for a Troop which lost its Scoutmaster, and a first-aid instructor for the Sea Cadets. At Park-

hurst Prison the Group has run two concerts for 200 convicts each time, and one of the members has delivered a course of seven lectures to a class of young convicts. The jobmaster himself seems to have a job—drilling the Boys' Brigade, the Girl Guides and a Scout Troop one night a week each! BRISTOL held its annual Birthday festival on December 10 with a service of Re-dedication in the Lord Mayor's Chapel conducted by Padre Hubbard (Cheltenham College, Hon. Administrative Padre of Toc H). After supper Gilbert Williams addressed the troops, among whom were members from Cardiff. The Branch hopes to see Groups very soon at Bishopston and Bedminster; the new Groups it fathered at Brislington and Eastville are going well.

Scotland

Scottish scribes (presumably busy with "hogmanay"—but what do they do to make them so silent in Wales?) have not set pen to paper this month, but the Editor makes bold to quote a picturesque paragraph from a letter of Padre George Macleod to Headquarters: "Harry Whitley and his Toc H troubadours walked from Perth up through the road

(i.e., for navvies making new roads) to Blair Atholl in the week before Christmas with a violin, melodion and Grace, talking all the way, speaking about 'the Way,' and addressing school children and also the camps. They made several contacts in Perth on the Sunday they were there in the Parish Church, so that might form the nucleus. . . ."

Ireland, Northern Area

CARRICKFERGUS had its Birthday party on December 12, inaugurated an L.W.H., and started a Boys' Club; LURGAN restarted on November 18 and have a regular programme arranged up till the end of January; a little group at LISBURN keeps gallantly on, wanting some local backing; ARMAGH keeps eager and is seeking a room. An encouraging first meeting was held in BANGOR, Co. Down, but the Queen's University still remains an impenetrable fortress, though several members give great assistance. In BELFAST the Newsboys' Council has held its second Annual

Meeting and had a report which surpassed all expectations. A camp in summer seemed to appeal to members; an extension of clubs in other parts of the City was suggested, but it was thought that this might be left to Toc H itself till the Newsboys' Council got their finances beyond the stage of anxiety. The Toc H Jesters delighted their first public audience. Of the three First Aid classes one is at the Borstal and two at the Reformatory where there are already three or four Toc H activities. The prison programme still keeps up three nights a week, and two afternoon classes.

News from Overseas Branches and Groups

Some impression of the spirit and progress of Toc H overseas emerges from other pages—in Australia (see p. 14), in Canada (see p. 16), in India (see p. 12). Notes from some other places follow.

EGYPT and PALESTINE

Meetings of the ABBASSIA Group have been attended by many R.A.F. men, and for ten days at Christmas the members borrowed a bungalow at Heliopolis, furnished it with things lent by their friends, and made a "Toc H Christmas Home" which was greatly used and appreciated by soldiers and airmen. As the English Church at Heliopolis is very small and open to troops in limited numbers, while the Free Churchmen have no place of worship nearer than Cairo (7 miles away), the Group padre broke rules and held a Christmas service for them in this temporary

home. The experiment was a financial risk, but it was worth it, and the men themselves offered to see it through. The Group makes no "song about it," but men say that it made happy a Christmas which they had dreaded. In November the Group gave a concert in the Military Hospital in Cairo, and collected literature, etc., for the V.D. Hospital, which is rather neglected in this respect.

JERUSALEM Group has lately been meeting in new quarters, with a certain infusion of new blood in their ranks, with new hopes and visions of new jobs.

CEYLON

On September 26 H.E. the Governor, Sir Herbert Stanley (a member, who knows Toc H at home and in Africa) came, unofficially, to the meeting of COLOMBO Group. He spoke; five new members were initiated; there was a discussion on "Service"; and it was decided to form a band among the older boys at the Deaf and Blind School. During the month the boys of the Slave Island Club took part in the Sports organised by the

Police, and later beat a Toc H team at volleyball; the Group played the patients of Angoda Asylum at cricket—and cheerfully lost; and the Group ("as a recognition of what we owe to the work of Headquarters and our responsibility towards its maintenance") raised Rs.320 (£23 18s. 5d.) among themselves and sent it home. In October they ran a concert to help the funds of the Deaf and Blind School, among other activities.

MALTA and THE ROYAL NAVY

Minutes of meetings are often dull reading, but those of the inaugural meeting of MALTA Group at Valletta on November 3 are an exception. They not only report a most hopeful start at Malta, but give, incidentally, evidence of the fine spirit and progress of the first Naval Group on H.M.S. RAMILLIES (see August, 1927 JOURNAL, p. 350). The nucleus of the Malta Group on the first night, besides Padre Noel Marshall and two other old members, consisted of a Captain, a Band L/Corporal, a Lieutenant, three Leading Seamen of H.M.S. *Eagle*, a Sub-Lieutenant of the R.N.R., four civilians and a Lieut.-Commander, R.N. At 8 p.m. prompt the *Ramillies* Group arrived at the door with their Rushlight, were challenged, and welcomed (according to the ceremony of "Receiving the Rushlight," first used in South Africa and now growing common throughout Toc H). After the Ceremony of "Light," four Malta men, duly sponsored, were initiated, and temporary officers of the Group elected. A *Ramillies* member than gave an outline of his Group's history and work: its members set out actively to find jobs, wherever their ship may call,

in three ways—by forming themselves into a team of voluntary guides for the benefit of visitors to the ship, by linking up with the local Scout Troops, if possible, and instructing them in knots and other nautical knowledge; and by visiting the hospitals at ports of call as well as their own sick bay. In the course of discussion after the Padre's talk, the matter of the treatment accorded to Service men by civilians was raised, and it was agreed that Toc H could build the bridge between men whose interests were extraordinarily diverse (as in the Malta Group). Rank could only be truly abandoned during Toc H service provided strong friendship and understanding was maintained between individual members: "Whose service is perfect freedom" would then be literally true. At the end of the evening the Rushlight was carried to the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, where the Padre set it on the altar and led the thanksgivings and prayers of the company. (As Malta's Rushlight had not arrived from home, a *Ramillies* member afterwards made them one of wood—a splendid piece of workmanship). The Group meets on Thursdays at 7 p.m.

MALAYA

SINGAPORE held a Guest-night on September 27, at which two new members were initiated, and another on October 25 to bid farewell to two of their pioneers, both soldiers—"Bo" Semple, C.F., and Buisset. November, with Christmas mails and the trooping

season, was too busy a month for a Guest-night, but Toc H work was not neglected. Jobs go well, but reinforcements for the team which helps Y.M.C.A. are needed (since Scouting has claimed some members) and for the jobs for the leper colony.

SOUTH AFRICA

The lighting of Lamps in December for six South African Branches was a landmark for the young Movement there—for in each case much evidence of a fine fellowship established and solid work attempted was forthcoming. Padre Gilbert Williams, lately returned from South Africa (see p. 16), writes: "During my visit I was greatly impressed by the mixture of men in the family and the amazing keenness shown by them to capture the Toc H spirit. Some who are now members

already had the spirit, but were looking for a way of expressing it. I believe Toc H has a unique contribution to offer 'over there.' The family idea is just what is needed where, if there are not such definite class distinctions as with us at home, there are many cliques, and these are inimical to true brotherhood. Getting to know one another is a very real part of Toc H life in South Africa, and again and again I realised the big work this family spirit was doing. The spirit has also created

a great desire for service." Little news has been sent to the JOURNAL this month. CAPE-TOWN CENTRAL held outdoor "picnic meetings" in the November heat: one, owing to a storm, took refuge in a large empty room in a member's house, where they had to put a tin over "the bloke's pet beetle" before business could proceed. Much service, done quietly, is going forward. One of their problems, common to most young Groups, is to find a home they can afford. MAITLAND Group have just solved it by a gift of a central site, a loan at the bank, and the purchase of an Army hut. Among other

Cape Groups SEA POINT has a wireless^s scheme for hospitals in hand, CLAREMONT is full of jobs, and DURBANVILLE, the baby of the family, is learning to walk. On December 10 the combined Capetown Groups held their Birthday Festival, with singing, supper and a service. From Natal DURBAN reports progress. They held a Birthday Festival, simultaneously with the London one, at which Gilbert Williams' cable was received with the singing of "He's a jolly good fellow." They took 300 people to a moonlight picnic on December 10; and hoped to move into new headquarters on December 20.

NEWFOUNDLAND

ST. JOHN'S Group has two events to report. The fortunate one was their first Birthday Festival, held in the hall of Newfoundland Memorial College (the Colony's War Memorial) on November 13. The Padre spoke; new members were initiated; H.E. the Governor lit the Rushlight for the Ceremony of "Light" and afterwards spoke. About 120 men were present. The unfortu-

nate event was "the passing of the 4th floor back"—in a fire, due to defective electric wiring, which broke out in the Group's Upper Room. The building was saved, but scorching and soaking destroyed nearly all the treasured possessions of Toc H, including a fine banner, just completed for the Festival by the Padre's wife—"but as the new one is near completion we are all cheerful."

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The establishment of Toc H in the States (where to be successful it must clearly be a true American growth) presents its own problems. Much attention has to be given to expounding the idea itself to interested Americans outside the small membership. The latest reports, therefore, show "Sawbones" (Padre Sawbridge of Leicester) and "Monty" (Callis of Manchester) addressing audiences of schoolboys and students; a large meeting in a private house in NEW YORK, addressed by Sir Ashley Sparks (Hon. Treasurer of Toc H, U.S.A.), Padre Lusk, who has seen Toc H at work in England, and Craig Wylie, the first member of Washington Branch; and a similar meeting, full of enthusiasm, held by the CHESTNUT HILL Group in a private house. WASHINGTON members went out to Arlington Cemetery on Armistice Day, laid a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and held the ceremony of "Light"

before it. On December 7, as a house-warming, they had their first Ladies' Night in their new House, with many speeches, hilarious and serious; and on Thanksgiving Day they seemed to have dined hard for two hours. PHILADELPHIA, under the leadership of the first full-time Toc H Padre in the States, Albert Eastburn (who, as many members know, travelled busily round Toc H in England before taking up his job at home) makes real strides. Its CENTRE CITY Group has just taken over a former teashop under the Toc H office: the tea-room is now a club room, open every night with a member on duty as host, and the kitchen is being made into a chapel. This Group, busy with its own jobs, is pioneering new Groups (or "gropes," as they aptly call the early stages) on either side of it. One is at FRANKFORD, with a keen young team; the other has been established some little time at GERMANTOWN.

A FEW FACTS FOR NEW FRIENDS OF TOC H.

The Patron of Toc H is H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

The Presidents are THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY; THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.; FIELD-MARSHAL LORD PLUMER, G.C.B.; LORD FORSTER, G.C.M.G.; GENERAL SIR ROBERT BADEN POWELL, G.C.V.O.; THE RIGHT HON. STANLEY BALDWIN, P.C., M.P.; THE RIGHT HON. RAMSAY MACDONALD, P.C., M.P.; THE VERY REV. SIR GEORGE ADAM SMITH, D.D.; THE VERY REV. JOHN WHITE, D.D.; THE REV. J. D. JONES, D.D.; THE REV. J. H. RITSON, D.D.

The Vice-Presidents are THE REV. S. M. BERRY, D.D.; ALDERMAN PERCIVAL BOWER; THE RIGHT REV. LEONARD BURROWS; GENERAL THE EARL OF CAVAN, K.P.; W. HAMILTON FYFE; GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARRINGTON, G.B.E.; SIBELL, COUNTESS GROSVENOR; FIELD-MARSHAL LORD METHUEN, G.C.B.; SIR FREDERICK MILNER, BART., P.C.; COUNCILLOR MILES MITCHELL; DR. CYRIL NORWOOD; THE REV. CANON FRANK PARTRIDGE; ALEXANDER PATERSON M.C.; SIR ROBERT PERES, BART.; ARTHUR PETTIFER, M.M.; SIR ASHLEY SPARKS, K.B.E.; THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM TEMPLE, D.D.; ALDERMAN FRED WEST, C.B.E.

The Founder Padre is THE REV. P. B. CLAYTON, M.C. ("Tubby").

Headquarters Officers are P. W. MONIE, C.S.I. (*Hon. Administrator*); WM. A. HURST, O.B.E. (*Hon. Treasurer*); LT.-COL. R. C. GRANT, O.B.E. (*General Secretary*); BARCLAY BARON, O.B.E. (*Editorial Sec.*); W. J. MUSTERS (*Registrar*).

ORIGIN : Talbot House in the War was "Everyman's Club," open to officers and men alike; it was opened in December, 1915, at Poperinghe, the nearest habitable town behind Ypres. Its founders were Padres Neville Talbot (now Bishop of Pretoria), H. R. Bates, and Philip Clayton ("Tubby"). A "daughter," Little Talbot House, was born in Ypres itself in 1917.

NAME : It was named in memory of Neville's younger brother Gilbert, Lieut., Rifle Brigade, killed at Hooze on July 30, 1915. The name "Toc H" is merely T.H. (Talbot House) pronounced according to the Army signaller's alphabet.

RE-BIRTH : Toc H was started again in London in 1919-1920, by "Tubby" and some survivors of the Ypres salient, on a very modest scale. Two years from the start the tiny experiment in London had been repeated throughout the length of England; within five years it had gone right round the world. In 1922 the movement was granted a Royal Charter.

OBJECTS : Its first aim was to recapture the War's spirit of *comradeship* in common service and to pass it on to the younger generation. *Toc H is not an ex-Service men's society*—it remembers the past but looks to the future. It draws its members from all ranks of society, from all Christian denominations, schools of thought and political parties. It is a "power-house" for social service of every kind, directed in each place by a voluntary official called the *Jobmaster*. Toc H in no way competes with existing societies; it encourages and trains its members to help them.

ORGANISATION : First a small, tentative *Group*: the Group, after a real test of stability, unity and work, may be made a *Branch* (Branches are granted a *Lamp of Maintenance*, which is lit with a simple ceremony at meetings). In certain places a team of members lives together in a *House* (called a "Mark"), the visible embodiment of Talbot House and the centre of effort in the area.

WORK : The voluntary service of Toc H members throughout the world flows in two main streams—(a) "*Stretcher-bearing*" work for the sick, the disabled, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the lonely, the "down-and-out," the crippled or neglected child, the boy or man in prison or just out of it; (b) "*Sheep-dog*" work towards boys and younger men—in clubs, camps, classes, Scout troops, Brigade companies, etc.

MEMBERSHIP : All men, of any Christian denomination, from the age of 16 upwards, are eligible for membership. Candidates require to fill up a form of application, to be proposed and seconded by members, and to undergo a period of probation varying in length according to circumstances. The minimum annual subscription is 2s. 6d. for "country" members, and 1s. for "town" members (i.e., men living within 5 miles of a Toc H House).

TOC H LEAGUE OF WOMEN HELPERS.

There is an auxiliary society for women sharing the same spirit, pledged to the same objects, and organised on very similar lines. Information can be obtained from the *Hon. General Secretary*, Miss A. B. S. Macfie, New June, 50, Great Tower Street, E.C.3.

HOUSES, BRANCHES AND GROUPS OF TOC H

A.—In the British Isles

Houses ("Marks")

MARK I.—24, Pembridge Gardens, W.2.	MARK XI.—44, Princess Road, Leicester.
" II.—123, St. George's Square, S.W.1.	" XII.—Shaw Royd, Halifax, Yorks.
" III.—148, York Road, London, S.E.1.	THE BROTHERS' HOUSE—119, Kennington Park Road, S.E.11.
" IV.—Gartness, Victoria Park, Manchester.	MARK XIV.—1, Eccles Old Road, Salford.
" V.—The Firs, Bassett, Southampton.	" XV.—31, The Common, Woolwich, S.E.18.
" VI.—77, Clifford Street, Lozells, Birmingham.	" XVI.—Redville, High Street, Swindon.
" VII.—15, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.	" XVII.—The Old Parsonage, Itchen, Hants.
" VIII.—Christ Church Road, Sheffield.	" XVIII.—Greystoke, Grainger Park Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
" IX.—29, St. Paul's Road, Clifton.	
" X.—Clarendon House, Hull.	

Hostels

HOSTEL.—16, Rutland Street, Hulme, Manchester.
 HOSTEL FOR SEA-GOING BOYS.—Talbot House, Orchard Lane, Southampton.

Branches and Groups

The names of BRANCHES are printed in capitals, and the numbers in brackets refer to the order of foundation; the names of Groups are in italics. Branches and Groups marked (C.C.) are members of the Toc H Countrymen's Council

London Federation.

Federation Secretary: R. R. Calkin, 1, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

Assistant Secretaries: H. Eastwood, " " "
 W. H. Dormor, " " "

North and East London Area.

Area Padre: Rev. A. Birkmire, 27, Belsize Square, N.W.3.

NORTH WESTERN DISTRICT: Hon. Dist. Sec.: W. P. Waller, 68, Torrington Square, W.C.1.	M. Saxon Snell, 15, Fitzroy Square, W.1.
MARK VII. (43)	R. S. Pearson, 57, Templar's Avenue, N.W.11.
<i>Golders Green</i>	Lt.-Col. W. T. Odum, D.S.O., 59, Hodford Road, N.W.11.
HAMPSTEAD (120)	C. Warry, " Fulmer," Searl Road, Wembley.
<i>Harlesden</i>	T. L. Bartlett, 3, Eastcote Road, Roxeth, Harrow.
<i>Harrow</i>	H. Lloyd, 49, Denzil Road, N.W.10.
<i>Willesden</i>	NORTHERN DISTRICT: Hon. Dist. Sec.: C. H. Wake, 39, Truro Road, Wood Green, N.22.
BARNET (10)	W. H. Nicklin, 7, Station Road, New Barnet.
<i>Edmonton</i>	E. A. Tatum-Hume, 16, Cornwallis Road, N.9.
ENFIELD (144)	S. F. Dovey, Hadley Hall, Park Road, New Barnet.
<i>Hackney</i>	A. C. Williamson, 49, Cotesbach Road, Clapton, E.5.
<i>Highgate</i>	J. G. Scott, 29, Fortnam Road, N.19.
<i>Hoxton</i>	G. A. W. Walters, 6, Warwick Terrace, Hadley, Herts.
ISLINGTON (42)	S. Watkin, 31, Osborne Road, N.4.
<i>Southgate</i>	W. P. Burden, 78, High Road, N.11.
<i>Walthamstow</i>	H. H. Wick, 93, Albert Road, E.17.
WOOD GREEN (119)	H. C. Naish, 84, Caversham Avenue, N.13.
EASTERN DISTRICT: Hon. Dist. Sec.: K. Fraser, 71, King's Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.	D. E. Patmore, 38, Victoria Road.
<i>Barking</i>	V. D. Perrin, " Ivinghoe," 21, Earls Crescent, Wealdstone.
" <i>Caddies' Group.</i> "	E. Birch, 7, Forest Terrace, Chigwell, Essex.
<i>Chigwell</i>	H. F. Manning, Kingsgate, Harold Wood, Essex.
HAROLD WOOD (90)	L. G. Dunford, 37, Cranbrook Road.
ILFORD (50)	A. Trust, 683, High Road.
<i>Leytonstone</i>	H. A. Carless, 23 Nairn Street, E.14.
<i>Poplar</i>	E. J. Shiner, 17, Kingston Road, Romford.
<i>Romford</i>	P. C. Veness, " Ormesby," Lord Roberts Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea.
SOUTHEND (131)	

Stepney
 Tilbury
 Tower Hill
 WEST HAM (104)

R. Smit, 56, Canal Road, E.1.
 P. G. Woodcock, St. John the Baptist, Tilbury Docks.
 C. Cuttall, 7, Tower Hill, E.C.3.
 W. Riddett, 7, Rosebery Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.

South London Area.

Area Padre : Rev. T. C. C. Brochner, 119, Kennington Park Road, S.E.11.
 SOUTH EASTERN DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : K. Jack, "Springmead," Elm Road, Sidcup.
Dist. Pilot : F. C. Braby, 31, The Common, Woolwich, S.E.18.
 WOOLWICH (74) C. E. Rusbridge, 31, The Common, Woolwich, S.E.18.
 Bellingham W. J. Gammon, 18, Firhill Road, Catford, S.E.6.
 Deptford E. Greenwood, 4, Clifton Road, S.E.4.
 Eltham W. M. Schofield, 1, The Grove, Eltham, S.E.9.
 Greenwich H. E. Tabb, 4, Gloucester Place, S.E.10.
 LEWISHAM (65) H. Webdell, 19, Raymond Road, Elmers End, Beckenham.
 SIDCUP (72) K. M. Jack, "Springmead," Elm Road.
 Sydenham J. H. Wharton, 231, Stanstead Road, S.E.23.
 SOUTHERN DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : F. Fryett, 21, St. Margaret's Road, Brockley, S.E.4.
 MARK III. (21) S. D. Taylor, 148, York Road, S.E.1.
 KENNINGTON (58) G. L. Abraham, 119, Kennington Park Road, S.E.11.
 BATTERSEA AND CLAPHAM (111) B. Baker, 37, Old Town, Clapham.
 Brixton F. Fryett, 21, St. Margaret's Road, Brockley, S.E.4.
 CROYDON (70) A. S. Edwards, 9, Brigstock Road, Thornton Heath.
 Dulwich G. J. Sibbrings, 67, Glengarry Road, S.E.22.
 NORWOOD (98) J. F. Peck, 83, Park Road, West Dulwich, S.E.21.
 STREATHAM (102) J. R. Phipps, 80, Links Road, Tooting, S.W.17.
 Wandsworth H. V. Askham, 35, Mayford Road, S.W.12.

West London Area.

Area Padre : Rev. L. G. Appleton, 15, Fitzroy Square, W.1.
 SOUTH WESTERN DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : Colonel H. F. Bidder, Ravensbury Manor, Mitcham.
 Esher P. M. G. Talbot, Glenhurst, Esher Surrey.
 KINGSTON & SURBITON (94) H. F. Castle, 4, Thorpe Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
 Mortlake L. W. Ellen, 115, St. Leonards Road, East Sheen, S.W.14.
 RICHMOND (129) W. A. Wright, 46, Lower Mortlake Road.
 Twickenham D. A. Royle, 9, Chudleigh Road.
 WEYBRIDGE (122) H. W. J. Monk, Monument Restaurant, Monument Hill.
 WIMBLEDON (73) C. W. Rutter, Wayside Cottage, Watery Lane, Merton Park.
 WESTERN DISTRICT : *Hon. Dist. Sec.* : F. A. Wallis, 1, King's Avenue, W.5.
 MARK I. (1) J. Mallet, 24, Pembroke Gardens, W.2.
 MARK II. (14) E. H. Bazeley, 123, St. George's Square, S.W.1.
 CHELSEA (84) T. W. Sherratt, 9, Bywater Street, S.W.3.
 EALING (87) F. A. Wallis, 1, King's Avenue, W.5.
 Fulham E. W. S. Ball, 13, Waldemar Avenue, S.W.6.
 HAMMERSMITH (89) P. E. Curnock, 30, Avenue Gardens, Acton, W.3.
 MALDA VALE (71) M. O. Tribe, Regent House, Kingsway, W.C.2.
 Uxbridge G. R. Peddle, 3, The Square, George Street.

Home Counties Area.

Area Secretary : c/o. The General Secretary, Headquarters, 1, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.
 ALDERSHOT (41) E. Constant, Sydney Villa, St. George's Road.
 Beaconsfield A. E. Tilbury, Marlborough House.
 Beckenham C. E. Perkins, 23, Cedars Road.
 BEDFORD (11) S. R. Evans, 38, Kingsley Road.
 Boldre C. V. Webb, Elm View, Pilley, Boldre, Hants.
 BROMLEY (69) J. S. Lock, 213, Southlands Road, Bickley, Kent.
 BROXBORNE (113) F. W. L. Pearson, The Warren, Broxbourne, Herts.
 CANTERBURY (37) C. Winchester, 1, Old Dover Road.
 Chelsfield (C.C.) A. H. Blott, Well Hill, Chelsfield, Kent.
 Chislehurst G. F. Gilbert, 4, Royal Parade.
 Clacton-on-Sea Capt. C. W. Cuthill, 46, St. Andrews Road.
 COLCHESTER (28) W. L. Manning, 26, High Street.
 Crawborough F. M. Foulger, The Library.
 CUDHAM (85) (C.C.) R. S. Forbes, 7, Coronation Terrace, Biggin Hill, Westerham, Kent.
 Dover F. Prescott, 11, Strond Street.
 Dovercourt S. N. Grainger, 10, Brick Avenue.

Dunstable
 Farnborough
 Farnham
 Folkestone
 Gillingham
 Godalming
 Guildford
 HARPENDEN (114)
 KENS WORTH (64) (C.C.)
 Keston
 Leighton Buzzard
 LUTON (96)
 MAIDSTONE (5)
 Markyate (C.C.)
 OXFORD (7)

Park Street
 RADLETT (99)
 Rainham
 READING (79)
 St. Albans
 Slough
 Studham (C.C.)
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS (51)
 Watford
 WEST KENT (77) (C.C.)
 Whitstable
 Woking
 WOLVERTON (13)

W. B. Clark, 28, Alfred Street, Dunstable, Beds.
 R. H. Mills, 101, Grosvenor Road, Aldershot.
 C. P. Netherton, "Elmhurst," Ridgway Road.
 J. Vant, 2, Trimworth Road.
 A. C. Rees, 18, First Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.
 H. S. Burnham, "Glencairn," Peperharow Road.
 H. Burland, "Highbank," The Mount.
 H. F. Walthew, Arden Grove, Harpenden, Herts.
 F. Butterfield, The Bank, Kensworth, near Dunstable.
 P. A. Slessor, Oakwood, Keston, Kent.
 A. B. Robinson, 40, Hockliffe Street.
 L. J. Merchant, 22, London Road.
 J. C. Baxter, 9, St. Philip's Avenue.
 S. Trivick, 40, High Street, Markyate, Beds.
 D. E. Benbow, Wycliffe Hall (*Gen. Secretary*).
 E. J. Lay, 112, Walters Street (*Assistant Varsity Sec.*).
 V. C. Martin, 112, Walton Street (*Assistant Town Sec.*).
 J. G. Syms, "Bankside," Park Street, near St. Albans.
 T. P. Norris, Stokke, Radlett, Herts.
 E. N. Raine, "The Haven," Broadview Avenue, Rainham, Kent.
 B. W. Rendell, 12, Queen Victoria Street.
 A. L. Cribb, Birtles, Battlefield Road.
 R. H. Saunders, "Littlecot," Windsor Road.
 H. Tearle, The Village, Studham, near Dunstable.
 L. E. Jeffman, Prudential Building, Mount Pleasant.
 R. C. Amore, 21, Sandringham Road.
 T. W. McDougall Porter, Westlands Farm, Wrotham.
 W. T. Fox, "Shenstone," Cromwell Road.
 F. E. Snell, 7, College Lane, Star Hill, Woking.
 J. A. Rose, 81, Wolverton Road, Stony Stratford.

East Anglian Area.

Area Secretary : c/o The General Secretary, Headquarters, 1, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.
 CAMBRIDGE (4)
 A. E. Simpson, 20, Springfield Road (*Town Secretary*).
 E. A. P. Hughes, Trinity College (*Varsity Secretary*).
 Chelmsford
 H. R. Morris, 19, Friar's Place.
 Felixstowe
 F. V. Hussey, "Rylands," Cobbold Road.
 GREAT YARMOUTH (126)
 A. V. Bean, 60, Wolseley Road, Southdown.
 IPSWICH (81)
 J. E. Noller, 163, London Road.
 NORWICH (75)
 T. Smith, Territorial Offices, 22, Tombland.
 Stowmarket
 J. E. Burch, 4, Milton Road, Stowmarket, Suffolk.
 Ufford, Wickham Market and Dist.
 K. J. Oxborrow, Stone Cottage, Pettistree, Wickham Market.
 Woodbridge and District
 H. L. J. Hazelwood, 6, Thororoughfare, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

East Midlands Area

Area Secretary : c/o The General Secretary, Headquarters, 1, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.
Area Padre : Rev. A. L. Siderfin, Mark XI, 44, Princess Road, Leicester.
Hon. Visitor : A. R. Wates,
 Abington
 H. Burnett, 347, Wellington Road, Northampton.
 Bardon Hill
 G. A. Wilkins, School House, Bardon Hill, near Leicester.
 Belgrave
 L. Perkins, "Wistaria," Cliffe Road, New Birstall, Leicester.
 Carlton
 E. A. Humble, Blenheim, Carlton, Notts.
 Carrington
 G. Allen, 124, Foxhall Road, Carrington, Nottingham.
 Coalville
 J. Cooper, Coronation Villas, Ravenstone, Coalville, near Leicester.
 DERBY (35)
 F. G. Creed, 80, Normanton Road.
 GRANTHAM (68)
 S. A. Cowley, 9, North Street.
 Hinckley
 A. C. Bedford, "The Briars," The Spa, Hinckley.
 LEICESTER (29)
 A. R. Wates, Mark XI, 44, Princess Road.
 LOUGHBOROUGH (95)
 E. Walton, 28, Broad Street.
 Market Harborough
 W. J. Catlin, 5, High Street.
 Melton Mowbray
 J. A. Bruce, 87, Thorpe Road.
 Normanton
 H. J. Hodgkinson, 179, St. Thomas' Road, Derby.
 NORTHAMPTON (36)
 M. F. Turner, Kingsthorpe.
 NOTTINGHAM (66)
 R. H. Evans, Toc H H.Q., 59A, Carrington Street.
 SLEAFORD (38)
 F. Kirk, 58, Westgate.
 Wigston
 E. W. Bruton, St. Edmundsbury, Leicester Road, Wigston Fields, near Leicester.

West Midlands Area

Area Secretary : L. Abdy, Mark VI, 77, Clifford Street, Lozells, Birmingham.

Hon. Visitor : R. L. Mastin, Mark VI, 77, Clifford Street, Lozells, Birmingham.

BIRMINGHAM (18)

Cannock

COVENTRY (26)

Handsworth

Harborne

Lichfield

NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE (34)

RUGBY (116)

Stafford

Wednesfield

West Bromwich

West Malvern

Wolverhampton

Walsall

T. Bailey, 6, Bristol Road.

R. G. Burton, 219, Wolverhampton Road, Cannock, Staffs.

L. J. Jordan, 131, Humber Avenue.

F. G. Harrison, 78, Broughton Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

G. Perkins, 85, Lightwoods Road, Bearwood, Birmingham.

C. N. Darrall, Theological College, Lichfield.

T. C. Maynard, Mill Hayes, Brindley Ford, Stoke-on-Trent.

R. V. Collier, 3, York Street.

G. A. Simpson, 2, Bruton Manor Road.

J. Dudley, 127, Nordley Hill.

G. Timms, 59, Hayes Street.

G. H. Clare, Valley View, Montpelier Road.

H. Jones, 49, Oak Street.

G. H. Bayliss, 42, Lichfield Road.

West and South Yorks Area

Area Secretary : c/o The General Secretary, 1, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

Hon. Visitor : C. J. Magrath, Mark VIII, Christchurch Road, Pitmoor, Sheffield.

W.Y.F. = *West Yorks Federation* S.Y.F. = *South Yorks Federation*.

Barnsley (S.Y.F.)

BRADFORD (20) (W.Y.F.)

BRIGHOUSE (153) (W.Y.F.)

CHESTERFIELD (145)

DEWSEBURY (86) (W.Y.F.)

DONCASTER (108) (S.Y.F.)

Ecclesfield

HALIFAX (33) (W.Y.F.)

Heeley (S.Y.F.)

Holmfirth (W.Y.F.)

Honley

Hoyland and District (S.Y.F.)

HUDDERSFIELD (42) (W.Y.F.)

Keighley

LEEDS (49) (W.Y.F.)

Leeds University

MANFIELD (82)

Meltham (W.Y.F.)

MEXBOROUGH (150) (S.Y.F.)

Mirfield (W.Y.F.)

Neepestad (S.Y.F.)

Rawmarsh (S.Y.F.)

Ratford

ROTHERHAM (55) (S.Y.F.)

Trafalgar (W.Y.F.)

Sedbergh

SHEFFIELD (17) (S.Y.F.)

SPEN VALLEY (24) (W.Y.F.)

Stockbridge

Sutton-in-Ashfield

Wakefield (W.Y.F.)

Walkley (S.Y.F.)

Wath-on-Dearne (S.Y.F.)

WEST SHEFFIELD (S.Y.F.) (143)

E. Lyon, 17, Samuel Road.

B. L. Bateson, " Ryedale," Tranmere Park, Hawksworth, Guiseley.

B. Fearnside, 32, Carr Street.

T. Phillips, 358, Ashgate Road.

R. Sheldrake, 29, Woodside, Leeds Road.

H. A. Sparshott, 7, Victoria Road, Balby, Doncaster.

W. H. Frost, 6, Church Street, Ecclesfield, Sheffield.

H. Shaw, Mark XII, Shaw Road.

H. Rowe, 37, Artisan View, Heeley, Sheffield.

J. H. Brook, 80, Huddersfield Road.

R. M. Bilton, Bank House, Honley, Near Huddersfield.

H. Goddard, King Street, Hoyland, near Barnsley.

C. Avery, 64, Parkgate, Berry Brow.

K. Preston, 5, Gordon Street.

D. C. Field, Red House, East Street.

A. J. Beech, Hostel of the Resurrection, Springfield Mount, Leeds.

E. Wass, " Penvor," Paulson's Drive.

C. Boothman, Royd, Meltham, near Huddersfield.

J. J. Edwards, 52, Lorna Road.

E. P. K. Hirst, 24, Nettleton Road.

E. Bunting, 24A, Rock Street, Sheffield.

C. H. Senior, " Kirkwall," Knapton Avenue, Rawmarsh, near Rotherham.

G. W. Halford, 41, Victoria Road.

W. L. Jones, " Abertawe," Cranworth Road.

H. Whitham, 18, Farrar Street, King Cross, Halifax.

E. W. S. Packard, Sedbergh School, Yorks.

A. Levesley, 55, Bowfield Road, Frith Park.

S. Burnett, 1, Platt Street, Liversedge.

T. Vardy, Rundell Road.

F. P. Hurt, 144, Outram Street.

I. Child, The Cottage, Bradford Road.

W. J. Williams, 46, High House Road, Sheffield.

H. Breislin, 20, Sandygate, Wath-on-Dearne, Rotherham.

J. C. Roebuck, 21, Ruth Square, Sheffield.

East and North Yorks and Lincs Area

Area Secretary : H. C. Miller, Mark X, Clarendon House, Hull

Area Padre : Rev. F. Molyneux

Beverley

Bridlington

Catterick

Cottingham

Dormanstown

Eaton

E. O. Scarr, 65, Holme Church Lane.

F. V. Davies, The Manse, Mayfield Road.

L. D. M. Patterson, R. Signals' Mess.

W. H. Archer, 26, New Village Road.

W. R. Prince, 24, The Green.

W. Hogg, York Terrace, Normanby, Eston.

GAINSBOROUGH (142)
 GOOLE (88)
 GRANGETOWN (135)
 GRIMSBY (127)
 HULL (40)
 LINCOLN (56)
 LOUTH (139)
 Mark X
 MIDDLESBOROUGH (31)
 Morton
 Newlands
 SCARBOROUGH (130)
 Scunthorpe
 SOUTH BANK (101)
 WHITBY (118)
 YORK (106)

J. Tate, Trent Bank.
 C. Barratt, 25, Jackson Street.
 J. H. Crosby, 19, Cheetham Street.
 C. A. Roach, "Glenholme," Abbey Road.
 E. Hemingway, 10, Chester Avenue, Fenchurch Street.
 E. Goodacre, Alvingham House, Rookery Lane.
 E. F. S. Whitworth, 63, Eastgate.
 E. T. A. Rapson, Mark X, Clarendon House, Hull.
 W. Race, 5, Oswald Terrace.
 W. N. Gleadell, The Manor House, Morton, Gainsborough.
 J. F. E. Smith, 4, Cromer Road, Beverley Road, Hull.
 C. H. Hirst, 36, Scalby Road.
 S. F. B. Fraser, c/o Stephenson, Smart & Co., 81, High Street.
 D. C. Cooper, 51, Upper Milbank Street.
 L. R. Mankin, Fairview, Flowergate.
 A. Stacey, 35, Melbourne Street.

Northern Area

Area Secretary : J. Walker, Mark XVIII, Greystoke, Grainger Park Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Area Padre : Rev. R. H. L. Slater "

Tyneside Conference (T.C.) Secretary : J. Moore, 26, Greaves Road, Dudley, Northumberland.

Burradon (T.C.) J. Arrel, 53, Edionis Avenue, Forest Hill, Buradon, Northumberland.
 Carlisle H. Forsyth, 51, Dalston Road.
 Craghead J. B. E. Eddon, The Vicarage, Craghead, Co. Durham.
 Cullercoats (T.C.) W. Jackson, 4, Burnfort Terrace, Cullercoats, Whitley Bay.
 DURHAM (15) (T.C.) J. Rowntree, Hepworth's Chambers, 21, Market Place.
 Felling (T.C.) W. H. Robinson, 29, Windermere Street, Gateshead.
 GATESHEAD (61) (T.C.) J. Hawdon, 9, Bellevue Terrace.
 HARTLEPOOLS (115) S. Scott, 23, Stanhope Avenue, W. Hartlepool.
 Hebburn-on-Tyne (T.C.) J. Rowell, 84, Campbell Street.
 Morpeth G. Kennedy, School House, Morpeth, Northumberland.
 NEWCASTLE (80) (T.C.) R. A. Shilston, Greystoke, Grainger Park Road.
 North Shields I. Fraser, 106, Ilfracombe Gardens, Monkseaton, North Shields.
 SOUTH SHIELDS (76) (T.C.) D. C. Anderson, 40, Garwood Street.
 Steekton-on-Tees Sid Ray, 42 Hind Street.
 Sunderland J. B. Williamson, 79, Rutland Street, Pallion, Sunderland.
 Tanfield A. Ledger, 10, John Street, Tanfield Lea, Tantobie, Co. Durham.

Lancashire Area

Area Secretary : A. Lodge, Mark IV, Upper Park Road, Victoria Park, Manchester.

Area Padre : Rev. E. Davidson, Mark XIV, 1, Eccles Old Road, Salford.

Hon. Visitor : H. Leigh-Groves, Holecird, Windemere.

ALTRINCHAM (41) (M.F.) J. F. Rodgers, 5, Greenway Road, Timperley.
 Ashton-in-Makerfield (M.F.) F. Sudworth, 1 Chapel Street, Ashton-in-Makerfield, near Wigan.
 BLACKBURN (45) (M.F.) D. R. Johnson, 25, Calder Street.
 Blackpool H. Lockett, 5, Claremont Road.
 BOLTON (141) (M.F.) H. Yates, Claremont, Green Lane.
 Bury J. P. Howson, 186, Peel Brow, Ramsbottom, Lancs.
 Eccles N. Barlow, 10, Pleasant Road.
 Great Budworth (M.F.) A. Worrall, Mere View, Great Budworth, near Northwich.
 Hyde (M.F.) N. Adamson, 26, Market Place, Hyde, Manchester.
 HULME (136) (M.F.) J. R. Colquhoun, 37, Newland Street, Higher Crumpsall, Manchester.
 Kendal W. B. Punchard, 4, Cliff Terrace.
 Knutsford L. W. Harland, Knutsford, Test School, Hawarden, Cheshire.
 Lancaster G. H. J. Burrows, Bath House, Bath Street.
 Macclesfield F. W. Arnold, Wood Street Mill.
 MANCHESTER (3) (M.F.) R. H. Bealey, 30, Scarsdale Road, Victoria Park.
 Morecambe J. Cordukes, Stanley Terrace, Heysham, Morecambe.
 Newton Heath (M.F.) N. Shepherd, 517, Oldham Road, Newton Heath, Manchester.
 NORTHWICH (47) (M.F.) W. H. Simcock, 61, Station Road.
 Oughtington J. H. Wood, 12, Woodbine Road, Sandy Lane, Lymm, Cheshire.
 Poynton (M.F.) F. E. Smith, Hunstan, Woodford Road, Poynton, Cheshire.
 ST. HELENS (152) C. M. Roberts, 202, Crank View, Hard Lane.
 Salford (57) (M.F.) E. G. Dakers, 52, The Park, Eccles, Manchester.

Staveley
 STOCKPORT (46) (M.F.)
 Wigan (M.F.)
 WINDERMERE (52) (M.F.)

S. S. Smith, Gowan Cottage, Staveley, Kendal.
 P. J. Bowden, 26, Elmfield Road, Davenport, Stockport.
 D. Cowser, 16, Frederick Street.
 J. W. Longmire, The Sycamores.

Mersey-side Area

Area Secretary : c/o The General Secretary, Headquarters, 1, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.
Area Padre : Rev. E. Harrison, M.C., St. Catherine's Vicarage, Abercromby Square, Liverpool.
 Birkenhead R. M. Henderson, 26, South Hill Road, Oxtan, Birkenhead.
 Chester H. Formstone, 7, Gladstone Avenue.
 DEESIDE AND DISTRICT (12) F. H. Seager, 40, Church Street, Connah's Quay, Chester.
 Isle of Man S. D. Galbraith, 22, Princes Street, Douglas.
 LIVERPOOL (19) T. F. Whittle, 4, Norwich Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.
 SOUTHPORT (117) H. E. Wood, 24, Moss Lane.
 WATERLOO (140) J. Sangster, 24, Marine Crescent, Waterloo, Liverpool.

South Coast Area

Area Secretary : c/o The General Secretary, Headquarters, 1, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.
Sussex Conference, Secretary : S. E. Welfare, Pasture Villa, Whitehill, Crowborough.
 BEXHILL (83) A. W. Martin, 47, Amherst Road.
 BRIGHTON AND HOVE (22) W. R. Cook, 39, Gloucester Road, Brighton.
 Chichester H. R. Sims, 6, Cleveland Road.
 Eastbourne T. L. Hicks, 14, College Road.
 HASTINGS (91) R. Parsons, 10, Castle Street.
 Lancing College P. R. Monie, Second House.
 LEWES (149) E. L. J. Terry, 14, Neville Crescent.
 Littlehampton A. Wingfield, 41, High Street.
 Petworth (C.C.) W. D. Morgan, Petworth, Sussex.
 Shoreham F. Oakley, "Desborough," Rosslyn Road.
 WORTHING (48) F. J. Gorge, 35, Church Walk.

Wessex Area

Area Secretary : c/o The General Secretary, Headquarters, 1, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.
 BOURNEMOUTH (107) R. A. Yeatman, "Melville," Cynthia Road.
 Bridport A. J. Florance, 72, South Street.
 Eastleigh R. Preece, 21, Factory Road.
 Pimperne T. L. Hughes, "Vauxhall," Salisbury Road, Blandford.
 Portsmouth R. Davies, "Khandale," Baffins Road.
 SALISBURY (100) H. H. Coombs, 28, High Street.
 SOUTHAMPTON (27) *District Secretary* : Lt.-Col. R. Pennell, D.S.O., Mark V, Bassett.
 Southsea J. H. Keenlyside, "Montagu," Laurence Road.
 SPETISBURY-CUM-CHARLTON G. W. Bennett, The Hill, Charlton Marshall, near Blandford, Dorset.
 (128) (C.C.)
 WIMBORNE (78) E. Ash, 7, Ethelbert Terrace.
 WOOLSTON (78) F. L. Hooper, "Bonavie," Netley Cottages.
 West Moors (C.C.) W. W. Folkard, "Twyford," West Moors, Wimborne.

West Country Area

Area Secretary : c/o The General Secretary, Headquarters, 1, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.
Area Padre : Rev. W. H. Maddock, Mark IX, 29, St. Paul's Road, Clifton, Bristol.
Hon. Visitor : Lt.-Col. the Hon. H. S. Davey, C.M.G., 9, Somerset Place, Bath.
 BATH (110) J. G. E. Gallie, 35, Gay Street.
 BRISTOL (9) P. Woof, Mark IX, 29, St. Paul's Road, Clifton.
 CHELTENHAM (2) T. M. Roy, Chislehurst, Sydenham Villas Road.
 Cheltenham "A" R. Edwards, 1, Sherborne Villas, Fairview Road.
 EXETER (11) W. G. Michelmore, 18, Cathedral Yard.
 Falmouth R. W. Harre, 16, Florence Terrace.
 Fremington H. Drury-Courtenay, Magdalen House, Bickington, N. Devon.
 Gloucester S. P. Ball, 144, Carlton Road.
 Penzance and West Cornwall P. J. Batten, 1, Union Terrace, Penzance.
 PLYMOUTH (121) C. T. Mason, 56, Durnford Street, Stonehouse.
 SWINDON (6) H. White, Mark XVI, Redville, High Street.
 TAUNTON (54) R. G. P. Besley, 15, Park Station.
 Teovil A. E. Jackson, 38, Sparrow Road.

Wales

Council for S. Wales and Mon., Secretary : E. C. Phillips, Prince's Chambers, 4, Working Street, Cardiff.

Area Secretary : Major L. H. Higgon, Prince's Chambers, 4, Working Street, Cardiff.

<i>Barry</i>	J. B. Price Hughes, 52, St. Nicholas Road.
<i>CARDIFF (23)</i>	B. Lawlor, 22, Cyn Coed Road, Penylan, Cardiff.
<i>COLWYN BAY (151)</i>	W. E. Ellis, Artillery House, Bay View Road.
<i>Llanelli</i>	F. C. Evans, 19, Mina Road.
<i>MAESTEG (97)</i>	A. Anthony, 45, Salisbury Road.
<i>Newport (Mon.)</i>	J. S. Parry, Helensburgh, Risca Road.
<i>Port Talbot</i>	I. H. Jenkins, 2, Romilly Buildings.
<i>Riverside</i>	A. Edwards, 7, Clare Street, Riverside, Cardiff.

Scotland

<i>Aberdeen</i>	J. Slessor, 60, Sunnybrook Road.
<i>Coatbridge</i>	A. T. Arthur, 72, Old Monkland Road, Coatbridge, Lanarkshire.
<i>EDINBURGH (8)</i>	T. E. P. McCandlish, 9, South Learmouth Gardens.
<i>GLASGOW (25)</i>	I. M. Macdonald, Toc H, 140, Douglas Street.
<i>Greenock</i>	H. D. Glen, 65, Union Street.
<i>Irvine</i>	A. S. Carson, Thornhouse Crescent, Irvine, Ayrshire.

Ireland, Northern Section

Council for Ireland, Northern Section, Secretary : W. S. Armour, 5, Crescent Gardens, Belfast.

<i>BELFAST (63)</i>	H. Ince, 18, Clifton Crescent, Cliftonville, Belfast.
<i>Carrickfergus</i>	L. F. Erett, "Hornlea," Downshire Park, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim.
<i>Lurgan</i>	J. A. Ross, 47, High Street, Lurgan, Co. Armagh.

Royal Navy

<i>H.M.S. Ramillies</i>	G. E. Morris, L.S.A., 81 Mess, H.M.S. Ramillies, c/o G.P.O., London.
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B.—Overseas : Houses, Branches and Groups

Houses

<i>MARK I (C).—11, Kennedy Street, Winnipeg.</i>	<i>MARK I (U.S.A.).—1324 18th Street, N.W. Washington D.C.</i>
<i>MARK II (C).—614, Huron Street, Toronto.</i>	<i>MARK I (S.Am.).—Calle de Chacabuco 723, Buenos Aires.</i>
<i>MARK III (C).—1263 Davey Street, Vancouver.</i>	<i>MARK I (Transvaal).—Johannesburg.</i>

Branches and Groups

AUSTRALIA

<i>Hon. General Secretary :</i> R. G. Baxter, Anzac House, Collins Street, Melbourne.	
<i>Federal Council H.Q. :</i> Nicholas Buildings, 33, Swanston Street, Melbourne, Victoria.	
<i>NEW SOUTH WALES : Registrar :</i> L. G. W. Farmer, City Chambers, 5, Hamilton Street.	
<i>SYDNEY</i>	E. Geach, Toc H, 5, Hamilton Street.
<i>Sydney North</i>	A. Coster, Toc H, 83, Miller Street, North Sydney.
<i>Marrickville</i>	A. C. Robinson, Toc H, Anzac Memorial Hall.
<i>NEWCASTLE</i>	A. S. Challen, 3, High Street.
<i>Broken Hill</i>	Ven. Archdeacon A. White, The Rectory.
<i>QUEENSLAND :</i>	
<i>Brisbane</i>	W. S. Findlay, 107, King House, Queen Street.
<i>SOUTH AUSTRALIA :</i>	
<i>ADELAIDE</i>	W. A. Cave, Box 1202, P.O.
<i>Norwood</i>	F. Kennedy.
<i>Payneham</i>	H. Matthews.
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<i>Bath</i>	Miss Thomas, Hampton House, Bathampton, Bath.
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<i>Birmingham</i>	Miss F. Mason, 7, Lime Grove, Handsworth.
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<i>Bolton</i>	Miss Robbins, 76, Westbourne Avenue.
<i>BRIGHTON</i>	Miss Farmer, 25, Cromwell Road, Hove.
<i>Bristol</i>	Miss Boucher, 26, Clarendon Road, Redland.
<i>Broxbourne</i>	Miss Stocks, Port Hill, Hertford.
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<i>CARDIFF</i>	Mrs. W. Jones, 238, Newport Road.
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<i>Chesterfield</i>	Mrs. Phillips, 358, Ashgate Road.
<i>Clacton-on-Sea</i>	Mrs. A. C. King, Bank Chambers, Pier Avenue.
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<i>Coventry</i>	Miss L. Huntly, 12, Coventry Street, Upper Stoke.
<i>Cullercoats</i>	Miss M. Ferguson, 76, Huddleston Street.
<i>Deeside</i>	Miss G. Griffiths, 76, Ash Grove, Shotton, near Chester.
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<i>Deusbury</i>	Miss Applegate, Highbury.
<i>Doncaster</i>	Mrs. Laywood, 47, Christchurch Road.
<i>Durham</i>	Mrs. Elliott, 50, Sunderland Road.
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<i>Felling</i>	Miss E. A. Piggales, 56, Smithburn Road, Burnville.
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Miss M. Buttery, 44, Rasen Lane.
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North Sydney
QUEENSLAND :
Brisbane

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Miss Arthur, Military Road, Cremorne.
Miss M. Woodley, Burlington Street, Holland Park.

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Miss McLennan, 228, Spence Street.

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Miss L. Russell, G.D.A. Hostel, Cottesloe.

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